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GRAND DOUBLE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

PRICE TWOPENCE

Photo, Bassano.

THE MISSES ZENA AND PHYLLIS DARE, who have deserted musical comedy for a short time to play in pantomime.

DYSPEPSIA
and all Affections of the Stomach, the Liver, and Kidneys,
* * * *
HEADACHES
and Nervous Weakness, which usually comes from Stomach Ills,
* * * *
INSOMNIA
and Palpitation of the Heart,
* * * *
CONSTIPATION
ARE ALL QUICKLY CURED BY
MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP
Nothing keeps a man or woman down like Indigestion or Liver trouble, and nothing lifts them up so quickly and surely as a course of Mother Seigel's Syrup.
PRICE 2/6 AND 1/1½ PER BOTTLE.
The 2/6 bottle contains 3 times as much as the 1/1½ size.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.
Cooked in 4 minutes.
PURE CREAMY PLASMON OATS
Contains 70 per cent. more Proteid than other oats. PACKETS, 6d.

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WATERLOO.
THE CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS.
From the Portfolio of
GREAT BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY.
Containing
8 REMBRANDT PHOTOGRAVURES,
After R. CATON WOODVILLE.
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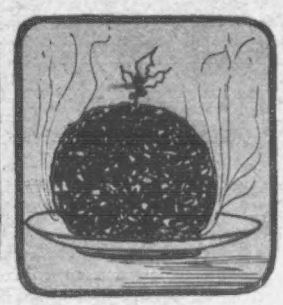
THE LAST FEW DAYS



Cabinet Notes.

The Government will be strong in law, for it contains no fewer than six lawyers. They are Sir Robert Reid, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Asquith, Mr. A. Birrell, Mr. Morley (who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn), and Mr. Lloyd-George (who is a solicitor).

There are also, it is interesting to note, seven Scotsmen in the Cabinet. These are the Prime Minister himself, Sir Robert Reid, Lord Elgin, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Haldane, Capt. Sinclair, and Mr. Bryce. The Premier, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Haldane, and Capt. Sinclair sit for Scottish constituencies.

The total cost of the Cabinet in salaries is £70,425.

There are fifteen married members of the Cabinet, one bachelor, and three widowers.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, the new President of the Board of Education, is not a member of Parliament.

The average age of the new Ministers is fifty-seven years. The average age in Mr. Balfour's Government was fifty-three years.

The youngest member of the Cabinet is Mr. Lloyd-George, who is forty-two years of age. The oldest is the Marquis of Ripon, who is seventy-nine years of age.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, whose salary is £20,000 a year, is not in the Cabinet, although his Chief Secretary, Mr. Bryce, is a member. This is a curious Cabinet anomaly.

The late Cabinet had a distinguished cricketer in Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. In the new Cabinet the national game is represented by Sir R. T. Reid, who "kept wicket" for Oxford University.

The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be a peer. The woolsack, on which he sits, is "outside the limits of the House of Lords." The office was filled in 1757 by Sir Robert Henley, who was not created a peer until 1764.

Photo, Underwood.

General Constaninovitch de Zerpitzky, who, after receiving seven wounds at Mukden, died at Cannes last week.

Lord Tweedmouth.

Lord Tweedmouth, who is the second baron, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford. He was called to the Bar in 1874, and twelve years later became Comptroller to the Royal Household. He filled the post of Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury, and was chief Liberal Whip from 1892 to 1894. He then became Lord Privy Seal and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. Lord Tweedmouth, therefore, has yet to win his spurs as a statesman, but he is remembered as one of the most tactful and resourceful Whips the Liberal party ever had. He was then known as Mr. Marjoribanks. His age is fifty-six.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

GOING IN AND COMING OUT: A Study in Contrasts. Lord Tweedmouth, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, visiting the Premier at Belgrave Square last week.

Six members of the new Cabinet will enjoy for the first time the right to put "Right Honourable" before their names. They are Mr. John Burns, Sir Robert Reid, Capt. Sinclair, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. A. Birrell, and Mr. S. Buxton.

In the last Liberal Government—that of Lord Rosebery—there were only sixteen members of the Cabinet. There were seventeen Ministers in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, and nineteen in Lord Salisbury's. In the new Ministry there are nineteen members in the Cabinet.

Resignation Honours.

A remarkable list of "Resignation Honours" was issued last Friday.

It includes two viscounts and seven barons—a larger number of peers than has been made at one time since King Edward's accession to the throne.

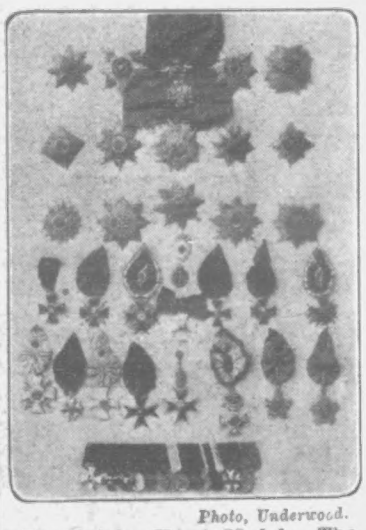
Among the more notable honours conferred are viscounties for Lord Tredegar and Sir Michael Hicks Beach; and baronies for Mr. Ritchie, Sir Alfred Harmsworth, and Mr. W. H. Grenfell.

The new Privy Councillors include Sir E. H. Carson, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Sandars (Mr. Balfour's private secretary), and Colonel Lockwood, M.P., and the best known of the new baronets are Mr. Grant Lawson, M.P., and Mr. Benjamin Cohen, M.P.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., the distinguished advocate of imperial penny postage, becomes a K.C.M.G.

A Century of Prime Ministers.

Minister.	Took Office.
Grenville (L)	Feb. 11, 1806
Portland (C)	April 8, 1807
Perceval (C)	Dec. 2, 1809
Liverpool (C)	June 9, 1812
Canning (L)	April 10, 1827
Goderich (L)	Sept. 5, 1827
Wellington (C)	Jan. 20, 1828
Grey (L)	Nov. 22, 1830
Melbourne (L)	July 18, 1834
Wellington (C)	Nov. — 1834
Peel (C)	Nov. 18, 1834
Melbourne (L)	April 18, 1835
Peel (C)	Sept. 6, 1841
Russell (L)	Dec. — 1845
Peel (C)	Dec. — 1845
Russell (L)	June 6, 1846
Derby (C)	Feb. 27, 1852
Aberdeen (The "Coalition"—L and C)	Dec. 28, 1852
Palmerston (L)	Feb. 10, 1855
Derby (C)	Feb. 35, 1858
Palmerston (L)	June 18, 1859
Russell (L)	Nov. 6, 1865
Derby (C)	June 6, 1866
Disraeli (C)	Feb. 27, 1868
Gladstone (L)	Dec. 9, 1868
Beaconsfield (C)	Feb. 21, 1874
Gladstone (L)	April 28, 1880
Salisbury (C)	June 24, 1885
Gladstone (L)	Feb. 6, 1886
Salisbury (C)	Aug. 3, 1886
Gladstone (L)	Aug. 18, 1892
Rosebery (L)	March 3, 1894
Salisbury (C and LU)	June 29, 1895
Salisbury (C and LU)	Oct. — 1900
Balfour (C and LU)	July — 1902
Campbell-Bannerman (L and Lab.)	Dec. — 1905



Photo, Underwood.

The Mukden Hero's Medals: The General was appointed commander of the 10th Army Corps in Europe, but did not live to assume command.

Photo, Park.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman alighting from the hansom cab in which he drove to Buckingham Palace to see the King.

Cabinet Ministers' Salaries.

The salaries attached to the various Cabinet posts are as follows:—

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury	£5,000
Lord Chancellor	10,000
Lord President of the Council	2,000
Lord Privy Seal	Unpaid
Chancellor of the Exchequer	5,000
Secretary of State for the Home Department	5,000
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs	5,000
Secretary of State for the Colonies	5,000
Secretary of State for War	5,000
Secretary of State for India	5,000
First Lord of the Admiralty	4,500
Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	4,425
Postmaster-General	2,500
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster	2,000
President of the Local Government Board	2,000
President of the Board of Agriculture	2,000
President of the Board of Education	2,000
President of the Board of Trade	2,000
Secretary for Scotland	2,000

The man smiling in the centre is Matvei Tarnovski, the great strike organiser. He has been dubbed by the peasants "Russia's real Emperor."

THE MAN WHO THRASHED THE TSAR.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" tells a sensational story of a bodily assault made upon the Tsar by his uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir; whereupon the Tsar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, dealt with the latter in the same ugly way.

A unique and hitherto unpublished photograph of Father Gapon (indicated by the X) taken at his lodgings in St. Petersburg.

A Curious Russian Custom.

In some parts of Russia a curious game is still played at Christmas which may have much to do with the future of those who take part in it.

Some prominent resident in the village announces that the annual merry-making will take place at his house, and on the day appointed the young men and girls hasten thither.

Proceedings open with songs, games, and dancing, but these are a mere prelude to the important business of the day. When the time for that arrives the hostess conducts all the girls into a room, where they seat themselves on benches. Then she wraps the chattering, laughing maidens each in a sheet, which is wrapped about her in such a way that both her head and her form is indistinguishable from that of her companions, except, perhaps, by its size.

The young men draw lots, and, one by one, they enter the room where the muffled girls sit. Helpless as regards sight or touch, the puzzled lover tries to locate his favourite. She, doubtless, would fain aid him in his quest, but her eyes are covered, so she is as helpless as he. With much trepidation the young man finally unveils one of the maidens, and then follows a time of rapturous joy or of intense disappointment.

It is a law of the custom that the man shall marry the girl whom he has unveiled, and if either backs out a heavy forfeit has to be paid. It is said that many happy unions are the result of this matrimonial lottery.

Nation of Riflemen.

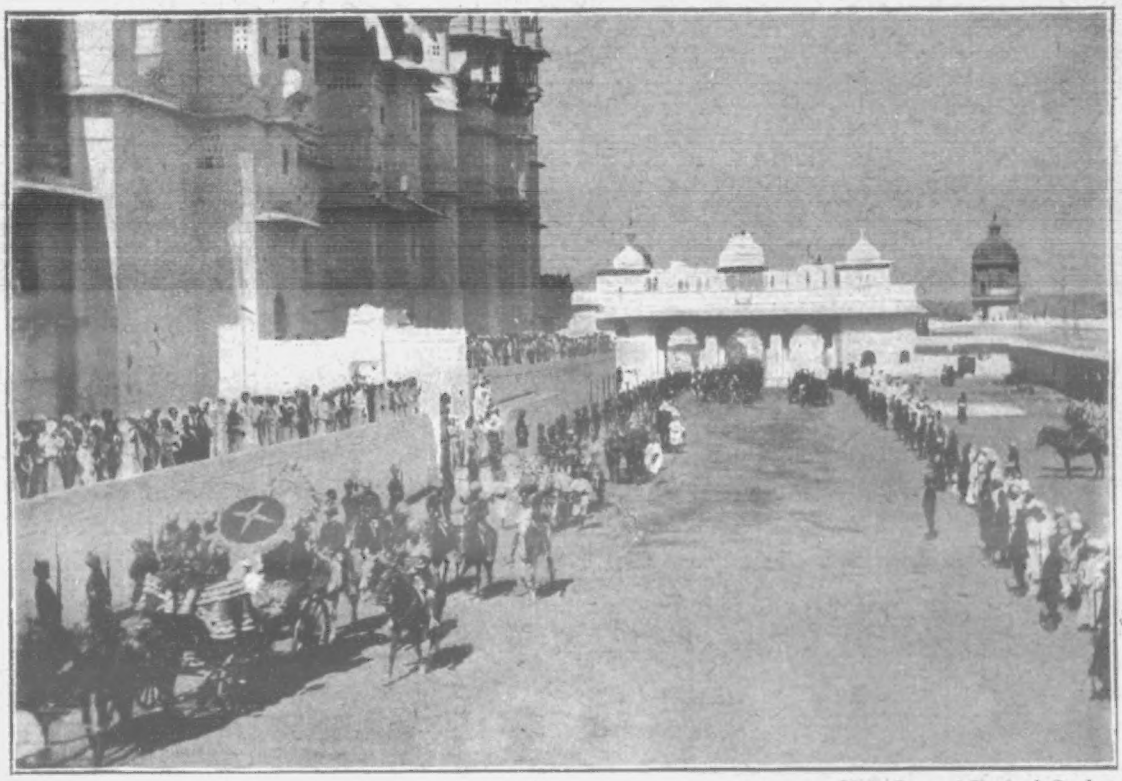
"If every able-bodied man in our islands is prepared to play the part of the strong man armed, his own and his country's goods will remain at peace."

Such is the proposition which Lord Roberts makes as the keynote of his campaign in favour of universal military training, to carry on which he recently resigned his membership of the Imperial Defence Committee. His first speech after his resignation was delivered last week to the members of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, and once more he emphasised the danger to the country arising from the present condition of things.

"I have no hesitation in saying," he declared, "that, in case of invasion, every Briton should be liable to serve in person against the enemy. That obligation ought to be recognised and enforced by law. But readiness to fight is not the same thing as ability to fight. In order to take any useful part against the highly organised troops of other nations a man must be able to use his rifle with skill, and he must have received a certain amount of training and military discipline."

His proposals did not mean conscription, continued Lord Roberts. "By the system I propose," he said, "no actual service would be demanded of any one except for home defence in the event of a great national emergency. But every able-bodied man, whatever his birth or position, would be obliged to acquire a knowledge of military duties sufficient to fit him for taking his part in the defence of his country."

Detailing his proposals, Lord Roberts said they included the deliberate fostering of a spirit of patriotism among school-children, the inclusion of military training in the curriculum of all public schools, the formation of cadet corps in connection with all colleges and secondary schools, and the compulsory attachment of all lads under eighteen years of age to the cadet corps which should be formed throughout the country, under State supervision. The training in the cadet corps should be followed by a further training for adults varying in length according to the result of the preliminary training.



Photo, Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay.

THE PRINCE'S TOUR IN INDIA: A picturesque snapshot of the Royal procession passing through the streets of Oudeypore.

Twentieth Century Piracy.

Piracy still flourishes on the coast of China. From a recently issued volume of trade reports dealing with the southern half of that country we gather that Chinese sea-robbers continue to be as defiant and successful as ever. Concerning Hang-chow we read:

"Complaints are rife as to the insecurity of the waterways, especially between Hang-chow and Haiming, and Hang-chow and Hu-chow. On this latter canal robberies are so frequent as seriously to interfere with the silk trade, merchants being afraid to ship by junk, and launches not being permitted to carry cargo. To all petitions praying that this nuisance be stopped the officials turn a deaf ear, or reply that decent people do not travel at night!"

This is within a hundred miles of Shanghai, and along waterways over which foreign houseboats are constantly travelling!

From Kowloon Mr. W. R. Parr writes "that the ever-present element of piracy in the locality and the consequent want of security for life and property" are partly to blame for the bad trade of the year. He tells of twenty-six cases that were reported at that station alone. "The presence of foreign gunboats and armed launches in and around some of their haunts seems to have little daunted these pests." The old trick of boarding vessels as passengers and then "holding up" the crew is still in full force. The *North China Herald* says China is probably the last of the nations with any claim to the rank of an important Power which has not long since cleared its coasts and waters of these sea-robbers.

Animals on the Stage.

While, as everybody knows, some of the animals which appear in pantomimes are represented by acrobats ingeniously disguised, there are many performances in which genuine animals are required.

"These," explained an actor, "are hired from trainers and showmen, who thus do a profitable business in the pantomime season.

"There are, of course, many pieces in which a real animal can appear to advantage. Little Bo-Peep and Boy Blue, for example, make a far more effective appearance with live sheep than with stage counterfeits. Trained ponies are indispensable for Cinderella's carriage, and Mother Hubbard must have a real dog.

"Almost always a trainer accompanies the animals to the theatre to see that they perform their tricks properly.

"There is one little animal which, although it cannot be trained for the stage, is a tremendous draw with the fair sex—I mean a baby! But it is such a risky experiment to bring a live infant on the stage that we nearly always have to fall back upon the stage substitute, which, if it does not crow and smile, can be relied on not to squall." — "Cassell's Saturday Journal."

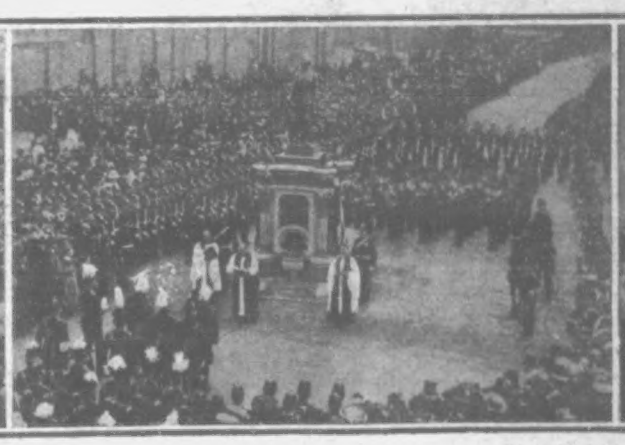
"Flying Column" of Assassins.

The assassination of General Sakharoff, ex-Minister of War, by a woman at Saratoff, has caused general rejoicing among the revolutionaries.

General Sakharoff was detested throughout Russia because of his oppressive measures against the peasants. He was sent to Saratoff to investigate the agrarian disorders and the revolutionary organisation. One of his first official acts was to assemble a large number of peasants. After questioning some of them, he ordered them to be beaten by Cossacks.

Many other officials have been condemned. The revolutionary committee have arranged a campaign of extermination, and propose sending their agents into the provinces at regular intervals to remove objectionable governors and police agents.

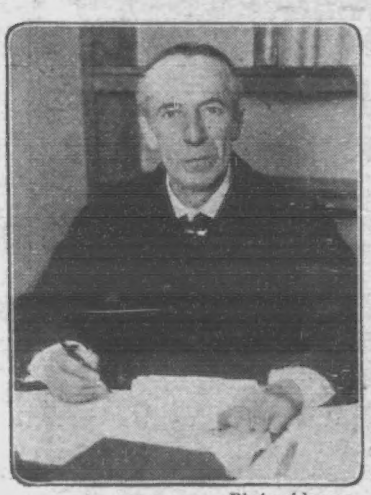
Photo, Illustrations Bureau.



Photo, Park.

Photo, D'Arcy, Dublin.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK: 1. The King at Wimborne presenting a cup and medals to the Swanage company of the Dorsetshire Volunteer Artillery. 2. Woolwich Memorial unveiled by the Duke of Connaught. 3. Life-boat Procession in Dublin, the Band of the Inniskilling Dragoons leading the procession.



Photo, Advance.

Successor to the oldest judge: Mr. Justice Sutton, who succeeds Mr. Justice Wills on the Bench.

The Charing Cross Disaster.

The fact that those killed and injured in the disaster at Charing Cross were mainly employees of the railway engaged in repainting a portion of the roof of the railway station, draws attention to the enormous expenditure, both of labour and money, which such renovations entail. Some of our large railway companies spend quite a fortune in paint. It was stated some years ago that when the roof of St. Pancras Station needs repainting it costs £3,000 to perform the operation, and it is probable that the renovation of Charing Cross would be quite as costly.

But the most expensive task which falls to any railway organisation is probably that of keeping in repair the huge expanse of the Forth Bridge. Its steel surface has to be kept constantly coated with oxide and red lead, and a staff of nearly forty men are employed upon this work from one year's end to another.

The Forth Bridge cost the railway companies who own it more than three and a half million pounds, and the greatest precautions are taken to prevent any corrosion of the 50,000 tons of steel of which it consists. The bridge has a paintable surface of 25 acres, and it takes more than 250 tons of paint to complete the job, whilst the oil with which the paint is mixed runs to something like 40,000 gallons.

It has been suggested that the nation should buy up the railway companies of the country, in order to minimise the risk of any repetition in the future of such a disaster as that which has befallen Charing Cross. It would be a costly undertaking, for there are in the United Kingdom fully 250 separately constituted companies, who own the 25,150 miles of our railway system.

The Great Western Railway Company has the largest system of rails, namely, 2,662 miles, and the shortest is the Easingwold Railway, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which is only two and a half miles long. Although the Great Western is the largest railway, the London and North-Western stands first in capital and income.

It has been estimated that in round figures £1,000,000,000—a thousand million pounds—have been sunk in the railway stations of the United Kingdom, and were the British Government to decide to buy up the companies' properties as going concerns—under the terms of the Railway Regulation Act of 1844—the price fixed would probably exceed that sum.

Although railway stations are, necessarily, more modern than any other class of public buildings, many of them can boast a very fair age. The oldest railway stations in the world are those of the North-Eastern Railway Company at Stockton and Darlington. Euston is the oldest station in London. Bishop's Road, Paddington, and Farringdon Street are two of the oldest stations on the Metropolitan Railway.

SOME OF THE ENTERTAINERS AT THE ANNUAL SMOKING CONCERT OF THE ARTISTS VOLUNTEERS HELD LAST WEEK: This corps, through which some 6,000 men have passed, has included many names of great reputs. The "smoker" is one of the best held.

Kew Gardens.

Lieut.-Colonel D. Prain, of the Indian Medical Service, at present director of the Botanical Survey of India, is coming home to take up the post of director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, in succession to Sir William Thiselton-Dyer, who has just retired.

Few people remember that the delightful gardens at Kew are quite a recent institution. They were opened to the public by Queen Victoria in 1840, and added to in the year of her Diamond Jubilee, after having for several generations belonged to the Royal Family. The property was acquired by the Prince of Wales, father of George III., in 1730, and the pleasure-grounds and gardens were completed by his widow, Princess Augusta. She employed Sir William Chambers—who designed the magnificent building of Somerset House—to erect for her several small temples and summer-houses, and he also planned most of the wide alleys and stately avenues which still form so great an attraction of the gardens.

The celebrated Palm House, which rises so majestically on the banks of the great pond, was designed by Dr. Decimus Burton, and measures 362ft. in length by 100ft. in width, and 66ft. in height. Six huge ovens heat this enormous glasshouse, of which three are kept going night and day, winter and summer, the other three in winter only, the heat being conveyed through 17,500ft. of hot-water pipes. Fortunately for the neighbourhood the smoke is carried underground, and consumed some 500ft. distant in a square smoke-tower.

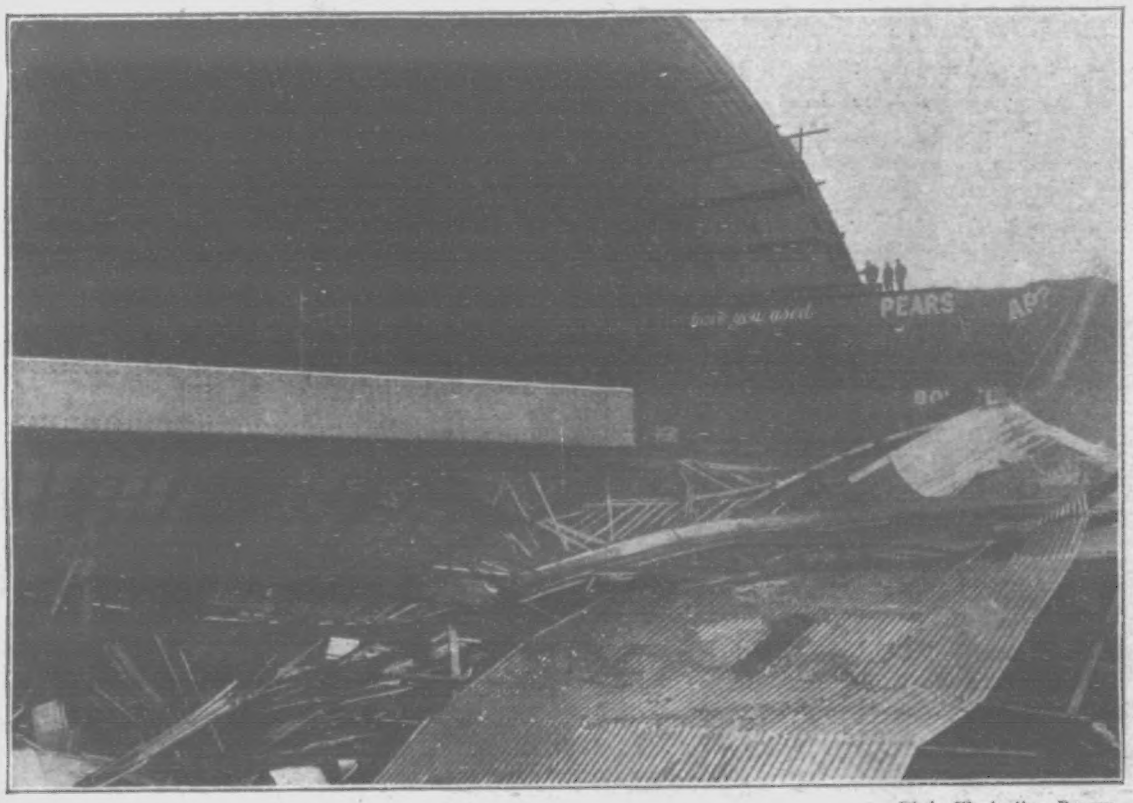
Photo, Park.

Photo, Park.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE CHARING CROSS DISASTER.

1. The fallen girder and collapsed station roof. **2. The great girder lying across the carriages.** **3. A part of the demolished roof.**



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE GREAT DISASTER AT CHARING CROSS STATION: General view of the wreckage of the roof.

Iron-armed Woman.

A waggoner was knocked down and killed by a tramcar at Colombes last week. When the corpse was being prepared for burial, it was found to be that of a woman.

Her assumption of man's attire was, it is now known, the sequel of a romance that became a tragedy. She was a woman of good family, named Clotilde Filly, and thirty years ago she ran away from home and obtained permission from the police to masquerade as a man.

She was known among her fellow-waggoners as Paul, and was noted for her feats of strength, which gained her the nick-name of "Iron Arm."

Most of the men she knew were afraid of her on account of her violent temper and her readiness to fight. She could box with such skill that few men who saw her fight once cared to stand up against her after.

Some Pretty Odds and Ends.

Artistic menu stands are always acceptable novelties, and some little Japanese ones I greatly admired at a luncheon the other day could easily be copied and made at home by clever fingers. These consisted of the ordinary plain cardboard stands surmounted by small Japanese tissue paper covered hoops. These hoops had burst to allow of the passage of the head and shoulders of the daintiest little Japanese dolls. A little thin wire had been put inside one sleeve, so that, thus stiffened, it could project. In some cases the little people held tiny branches of almond blossom, sometimes miniature lanterns on the smallest of sticks, or else little fans were used. All the body below the waist was cut off to avoid a clumsy and top-heavy effect, and the edges of the dress were neatly gummed behind at the back of the stand. They were charming.

General Sakharoff, the murdered Russian Minister of War.

Christmas in the Olden Time.

A Brush with the King's Navee.

Drawn by Leonard Linsdell.

MR. BILLINGS' CHRISTMAS VOYAGE

BY MALCOLM DAYLE

I.

It was about six o'clock on Christmas Eve.

Mr. Joseph Billings, who, by reason of possessing extremely auburn locks, was commonly known to his shipmates as "Ginger Joe," had spent his last penny in a dirty little public house in the neighbourhood of Greenwich.

He had been actively assisted in attaining this undesirable state by two seedy-looking gentlemen, who, meeting him earlier in the day, had hailed him as "their old pal Ginger" and invited him to keep up Christmas with them.

The day had been spent in a tour

"Where's my Christmas dinner, mates?" asked Mr. Billings firmly.

of the local public bars, and as long as his money had lasted Mr Billings' new friends had evinced no desire to leave him.

With the disappearance of his worldly wealth Mr. Billings' faith in human nature also disappeared, and he promptly and eloquently charged his two affectionate friends with dishonesty.

"You're drunk, mate," said one of the men consolingly.

"You're a liar," said Ginger politely, as he commenced to struggle out of his coat.

"Don't be a fool, Ginger."

"I don't mean to be, you bloomin' thief."

The infuriated seaman threw off his coat and made a wild dash across the room.

One of the men put out his foot and tripped him up. He fell with a crash, and, his head coming into contact with the wall, lay perfectly still.

One of the men bent over him, then faced his companion, a scared look on his face.

At present they had the dirty little bar to themselves. The landlord, who knew them well, was in another room superintending the distribution of turkeys, geese, and spirits to the members of his Christmas club, but a stranger might come in at any minute.

"What can we do with the fool? If we put him outside he'll blab to the cops when he comes to, and we can't afford that, they know us too well; it would be a certain Christmas in quod."

The other man pondered for a few minutes, and then chuckled hastily:

"Wot's the game?"

"We'll send 'im off to sea on the *Lively Polly*, wot goes down with the tide in a few hours. I heard the skipper telling a man on the wharf about it this morning. They're taking a cargo of cement, which must be delivered the day after Boxing Day to some contractors at Brinton. One of the chaps did a bunk, as 'e wouldn't work at Christmas, so they'll be glad to see our pal 'ere."

"They'd spot 'im on deck."

"We'll drop 'im down the 'old."

"'Old 'oo?" murmured Mr. Billings sleepily.

They took hold of the dazed seaman's arms and raised him up.

"Come on, old mate, so we're a-goin' to see you 'ome."

Mr. Billings, muttering very uncomplimentary remarks upon their most charitable desire, was led out of the public-house and down some back streets in the direction of the river.

The two men evidently were well up in the local geography; they led the unfortunate seaman down several quiet back streets, and soon were at a deserted snow-clad wharf.

A small craft was moored alongside, but not a soul was visible aboard her. From the fo'csle came the sound of a heated argument, and from the small cabin aft the twang of a banjo and the unmusical voice of the mate struggling bravely with a Christmas carol.

Mr. Billings never quite realised what followed. He had slight recollection of being led on board, then a dirty handkerchief was thrust into his mouth. He was lifted off his feet, obtained a glimpse of a yawning black chasm, then felt a splitting crash all over his body.

II.

A few hours later Ginger awoke, with a very painful headache and a confused idea as to his whereabouts.

"Bloomin' 'ard bed," he muttered, and then sat up.

It was dark and stuffy all round him, and in a short time he realised only too well that he was in the hold of a ship well under way.

On further investigation, he found that he had been slumbering upon a bed of cement sacks, and that his clothes bore ample evidence of the fact.

A streak of light came through a join in the tarpaulin, and he clambered towards it, drank in the air greedily, and then, after some difficulty gained the deck.

The bitterly cold morning air revived him, and then the full significance of his predicament dawned suddenly upon Mr. Billings.

Here was he, an able-bodied seaman, approaching the mouth of the Thames on an outward bound vessel on Christmas morning, and unable to give a satisfactory account of his presence there.

There was apparently only one man on deck, who was at the wheel, and had not observed the new passenger, owing to his vision on that side of the deck being obscured by an unfurled sail.

Mr. Billings was reflecting gloomily on the extreme probability of his having to work for his passage, when a brilliant idea struck him.

"I'll pretend to be barmy," he said. "Then they'll put me ashore the first chance they get, and I sha'n't have to do no work."

He made his way cautiously to the fo'csle. When he reached the bottom of the stairs the crew were just finishing breakfast.

"'Oo are you?" demanded a husky voice as he appeared in sight.

"Nelson," was the prompt reply.

"You're drunk. 'Ow did you come 'ere?"

"I've bin 'ere since I won the battle of Waterloo," replied Mr. Billings, whose knowledge of history was somewhat vague.

"'E's off 'is dot," said the cook nervously.

"Fair barmy," said the boy.

Mr. Billings smiled affably, but he was anxious to know the destination of the ship.

"Whither goest thou?" he asked.

He was not used to this style of conversation, but he had once heard a missionary talking in something the same strain, and by a logic of reasoning best known to himself he attributed it to be a necessary symptom of lunacy.

The effect on the crew was extraordinary. At first they had thought he was drunk, but now they felt sure he must be a dangerous lunatic.

"We'd better go an' tell the Old Man or the mate," suggested one of the hands, edging towards the door.

"Send the boy," said the cook. "Both of 'em'll be in a rare rage if we turn 'em out early Christmas Day, an' they both 'ad a drop last night."

"Oo's going to stop with *'im?*" said the boy, jerking his thumb in the direction of Mr. Billings, who was gazing round in the hope of discovering something edible.

No one seemed anxious for the honour, so they all trooped aft, "Nelson" meekly following them.

The boy nervously descended the stairs and rapped at the Captain's door.

"Hulloa!" cried a sleepy voice. "What the deuce do you want!"

"Please, sir, we've got a bar—a lunatic aboard."

"Then throw him overboard," said the Captain shortly.

This proposal was by no means relished by the involuntary passenger.

"I'm Lord Nelson," he said in a loud voice.

The Captain took no notice.

"Thou art a fool," said Mr. Billings, dropping into his "missionary" style again.

"What!" shouted the Captain.

"What have you been doing down the hold?" demanded the skipper.

"I'll teach you to call me a fool, my lad."

There was a crash on the floor, and in a few moments a short, fat, angry little man appeared on deck, followed by the half-clad and sleepy mate.

"Who dares to call me a fool?" the skipper demanded.

Then his eye fell upon his shivering new passenger, who, covered with cement dust and looking exceedingly uncomfortable, stood before him.

"What have you been doing down the hold?"

"'Aving a 'appy Christmas," said Mr. Billings sarcastically.

"'E's mad, sir," said one of the men.

"Gettest thou me some food, and and me on yonder pier," said the distinguished passenger, pointing dramatically towards Southend pier, which stood out white and clear in the distance.

The Captain looked at him curiously, then burst into a laugh.

"I'll see you hanged first," he said. "We're going to Brinton, and you won't get off until we get there, so you'd better set about and do some work if you want any grub."

"Ah!"

"It's best to humour 'em, sir," said the cook. "'E might get dangerous."

"I'm a demon when I'm crossed," put in Mr. Billings pleasantly.

"Look here, my lad," said the Captain sternly, "I don't quite know what to make of you, but you can either come on to Brinton as a seaman, as we're a man short this trip, or I'll land you at Southend and give you over to the police as a dangerous lunatic. Which is it to be?"

"I'll work to Brinton," was the gloomy reply.

"Then go for'ard, all of you. And a Merry Christmas," said the Captain grimly.

"Then you ain't barmy," said the cook, as they walked back. "Fancy you calling yourself Nelson!"

"'Old your bloomin' jaw," said Mr. Billings angrily, "or I'll knock yer 'ead off."

They set about their work on deck, but presently one of the men burst into a loud laugh, which he broke off suddenly on catching Mr. Billings' eye.

"Wot's the joke?"

"Nothing much; I was only thinking of Nelson 'aving ginger whiskers an' sleeping in the 'old."

"Oh, yer was, was yer? Then if you ain't careful, my lad, I'll give yer something as will take yer all yer time to think about between this and Brinton."

The man looked at the infuriated "Ginger," and then moved off.

Mr. Billings' eyes roved eagerly round the galley, where the Christmas dinner was being prepared. The crew were receiving extra pay for this special voyage, and they intended doing justice to themselves. About twelve the boy carried a tempting supply down to the Captain's cabin, and the mate took the trouble to come on deck and pull the cork from a bottle of champagne for the edification of the envious crew.

Shortly afterwards, with the exception of the man at the wheel, the crew went below, Mr. Billings with them.

The stuffy little fo'csle looked quite cheery; a bunch of holly depended from the roof, and the cook had more or less artistically twined ivy round the hanging lamp.

"Ginger" smacked his lips complacently as his eyes fell upon a couple of boiled fowls and other luxuries not found in a seaman's usual fare.

The other men seated themselves and commenced eating with relish, utterly ignoring Mr. Billings, who stood expectantly at the table.

"Where's my dinner, mates?" inquired that gentleman after a few minutes.

"Your dinner?" echoed the cook in apparent astonishment.

"Yes, my Christmas dinner," said "Ginger" firmly.

"We ain't got it."

"Then where is it?" asked Mr. Billings aggressively.

"I don't know. We thought your lordship wouldn't care to 'ave grub with such 'unble chaps as us. 'Adn't you better go an' see the Old Man about it?"

"I'll see someone about it in a way they won't like, unless I gets my bloomin' dinner in two minutes," said Mr. Billings, as he commenced to roll up his sleeves.

"The unsuspecting Mr. Billings was led on board the barge."

"Better let 'im 'ave it, Bill," said one of the men nervously.

"You're right, mate; 'e better 'ad."

"It was your idea," said the cook uncomfortably, as he dispatched the boy for an extra plate.

"Oh, no, Bill, not mine," said the other man hastily, eyeing Mr. Billings' brawny fist as it rested negligently upon the table.

"I don't care 'oo's idea it was," said that worthy complacently, "but I'll bash the bloomin' lot of you unless I get my grub precious sharp. See that, cookie, dear."

The dinner was soon forthcoming, and Mr. Billings, after assisting the crew in the disposal of their liquor, obtained some tobacco from the cook and enjoyed a quiet smoke.

He performed his duty sulkily, avoiding the Captain's twinkling eye as much as possible; but, having got the crew well under his control, he had a good time in the fo'csle.

Late in the evening he obliged with a song, which, however, was abruptly ended by the mate putting his head down the hatchway and informing the crew that unless the man with a voice like a healthy foghorn ceased from troubling their grog would be stopped.

On the whole, however, Mr. Billings somewhat enjoyed his Christmas Day.

They reached Brinton on the evening of Boxing Day, and "Ginger," having spent the money he had received for his services in a carouse on shore, signed on for the return journey, and his connection with the *Lively Polly* became a permanent one.

A decision of the skipper's that gave little pleasure to the rest of the crew.

Having a couple of days at Greenwich, Mr. Billings is engaged in earnestly seeking, not from any feeling of gratitude for his present good fortune, the two gentlemen who sent him upon his involuntary Christmas voyage.

THE END.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Christmas cards and calendars should be bought at once, for if one waits till Christmas time one has to put up with other people's leavings. In looking out for the best one naturally asks for Raphael Tuck and Sons' cards and calendars, and this year, as ever, they are quite charming. Collectors will appreciate their Christmas and New Year's post-cards, in which the tastes of the little folks, as well as of their elders, have been carefully considered. Children who enjoy painting will delight in Father Tuck's "All the Year Round" post-card painting book. It costs 1s., and contains twenty-four picture post-cards in outline, perforated all round so that they can easily be detached, and twenty-four coloured "copies." A suitable Christmas "card" for a little child is an indestructible picture-book. "Baby's Animal Book," price 6d., contains attractive pictures of familiar domestic pets which would delight a child. It is printed in permanent colours on calico, and is therefore washable. A little gift for a friend often takes the form of a calendar; of these Raphael Tuck and Sons provide a large variety to suit all tastes and pockets, and some of the leaflet calendars are quite artistic treasures. Such a one is the "Gems of Art," by Henrietta Ronner, which contains four beautiful reproductions of pictures of kittens by this unrivalled portrayer of feline grace and beauty. Each picture when its calendar days are over, is well worth framing.

FINGERS INSURED.

Kubelik pays £300 annually as insurance on his bow hand alone, so that if it were at any time injured so as to prevent him from fulfilling an engagement he would receive £2,000 as compensation.

If his hand were totally disabled so that he could never play again he would get £10,000, which would enable him to live in comfort apart from all the money he has already saved.

Mme. Patti has always been heavily insured when singing. The usual amount which she has had underwritten for her has been £1,000, for which £25 a night had to be paid, and her voice has also been permanently insured for £8,000 against total loss.

In the same way as Paderewski, Josef Hoffman is heavily insured. Not only is each hand separately insured in his case, but every individual finger has a special policy made out for it.

BOOKS FOR XMAS.

Kingdoms Curious.

A collection of fairy stories, by Myra Hamilton, that will appeal to all children and be read with interest by children of older growth. The writer has a fresh, original style,

"'Why are you my enemy?' said the Queen."

One of the many pretty illustrations from "Kingdoms Curious," published by Mr. Heinemann. 5s.

and each story compels one's attention. Each story points a moral, the best is in "Big Town and Little Town," the first tale in the book. Hans and Martha, after experiencing a great deal of trouble through their aspiring to things they did not deserve, were at last shown their error by the fairies. The writer concludes:

"And though Hans and Martha lived to be very, very old they never forgot again that contentment was the finest treasure they could possess, and that to learn to be satisfied was better than wealth or even a great position, while the chief thought in their hearts was one of gladness that they were allowed to give up their folly before it was too late."

Each story is well illustrated; we reproduce one of the best sketches on this page. (Heinemann, 5s.)

A Book for Londoners.

In London, perhaps to our material advantage, but to our great loss, from the points of view of the artist and the lover of historical associations, we are perpetually being reminded that "the old order changeth giving place to the new." The streets, the water-side, and the suburbs were a generation ago much as Dickens knew them in his youth; but recent changes have been so drastic that, except for the existence of important public buildings of ancient foundation often cruelly restored, the old landmarks are almost all swept away, while those that remain are in constant danger of destruction. "London, Vanished and Vanishing," which is both written and illustrated by Mr. Philip Norman, contains a permanent record in colour of many of these picturesque landmarks, and will be of permanent value to those who study a most interesting subject. The volume will be published towards the end of the month in Messrs. Black's series of Beautiful Books.

"Out came the mouse and the kittens pounced at once."

From "Louis Wain's Animal Show," published by James Clarke & Co.

"The Adventures of Harry Rochester."

Henty, alas! has gone, but in his place we have Mr. Herbert Strang, whose "Adventures of Harry Rochester," a tale of the days of Marlborough and Eugene, shows him to be a worthy successor to the great boy's writer. It is a capital stirring romance, telling of a lad who, driven by the death of his father to seek his fortune in London, is kidnapped and carried on board a ship bound for the Barbados. Escaping, he takes service with a Dutchman who is contractor to the allied forces in the Low Countries. A daring feat while on convoy duty wins him a commission in a Dutch regiment; he fights at Blenheim and comes into relations with Marlborough and Eugene. The story is full of adventure, and there is a romantic underplot. (Blackie and Son.)

More About the Wallypug.

That delightful creation of Mr. Farrow's—the Wallypug—is a source of never failing interest to children of all ages and "The Wallypug in the Moon, or His Badgesty," by G. E. Farrow (Pearson, 5s.), promises to beat in popularity the previous adventures of that peculiar little individual. The book will be more than welcome in any house where there are youngsters of either sex. The following is a neat little specimen of "jingle rhyme":

THE TINKER AND THE ELEPHANT.

The Tinker and the Elephant
Were walking down the street,
And their conduct, I regret to state,
Was somewhat indiscreet,
For the Tinker played a whistle,
And the Elephant a drum,
And the noise they made was "Tootle-toot!"
And likewise "Tum-ti-tum!"

The townsfolk hurried to their doors,
To learn what was the matter;
The fire escape and engine
Bustled up with quite a clatter,
And everyone was all agog
To find out who had come
To the stirring sounds of "Tootle-toot!"
And likewise "Tum-ti-tum!"

The mayor donned his fur-l'ned robe
And grandest golden chain,
For he felt that such a chance as this
Might not occur again.
"Perchance it is the King," he thought,
"At any rate, 'tis some
Great personage. Hark! 'Tootle-toot!'
And likewise 'Tum-ti-tum!'"

He hastened to the Market Cross,
And waited there in state,
Till later on he learned the truth.
With indignation great,
"A Tinker and an Elephant!"
It nearly struck him dumb,
That they should dare to "Tootle-toot!"
And likewise "Tum-ti-tum!"

But the Tinker and the Elephant
Go gaily on their way,
And "Tootle-toot" and "Tum-ti-tum"
Is still the tune they play.
For they know that one notorious
And honoured may become,
If they only "Tootle" loud enough
And likewise "Tum-ti-tum!"

One of the many charming illustrations in the "Rosebud Annual," published by James Clarke & Co. at 3s.

Songs for the Babes.

"A Year of Songs" for a baby in a garden, written and illustrated by W. Graham Robinson, contains many verses which are quite dainty. The following may, perhaps, be taken as an example:

"In the winter wood, they say,
Sleeping spring is laid away:
Do you think it can be true?
Overhead the dark clouds race;
Yet—a little wind-swept space—
That's the blue."

(John Lane. 3s. 6d.)

Some Books for Girls.

School stories are always popular, and a trio of these are very good

"They pulled crackers and put on paper caps, wishing each other a Merry Christmas."

From "Bluebell and the Sleepy King," a charming fairy story by Aubrey Hopwood and Seymour Hicks. (Pearson. 2s. 6d.)

Two Bright Books for Little Folks.

"The Rusebud Annual" (3s.) has nearly two hundred interesting illustrations, and is filled with a variety of stories and rhymes sufficient to please every taste in the nursery. "Louis Wain's Animal Show" is full of the clever artist's work and stories in prose and verse. Both pictures and stories are warranted to please the youngsters, and the former will probably be regarded with interest by parents. Both books are published by Messrs. Clarke and Co., Fleet-street, E.C.

Books that Bar Microbes.

We are told that the pages of old books are a happy hunting ground for the microbe. But this is an hygienic age, and so Messrs. Deane have had the lucky inspiration to invent some wonderful rag picture-books which will never carry disease, for they can be washed again and again. There are all sorts of attractive little books in this ingenious series, amongst others a "Farm A.B.C.," a "Dollie's A.B.C.," an entrancing tale of rabbits, "Bunnieland," pictured by A. Macgregor, a railway story for the boys, and "The English Struwelpeter," with Dr. Hoffmann's original designs.

"He waved a little wand and a small round table suddenly appeared."

From "The Wallypug in the Moon," by G. E. Farrow. (Pearson. 5s.)

specimens. Though there is nothing very new in a reclamation of a wild schoolgirl, Miss M. Bramston presents it in pleasant form in "Rosamond's Girls" (S.P.C.K.), and provides a good, wholesome tale. In a lower grade of society a similar idea is carried out in "A Queer Girl" (S.P.C.K.), for Linnie Edwards shows how the ugly duckling of a village school becomes a veritable swan. Miss E. L. Haverfield also paints some varied girlish portraits in "The Ghost of Oxlea Priory" (Nelson); but here the ordinary routine of school life is broken by the excitement of intricate family quarrels and of a mysterious apparition, forming very enlivening reading. Mrs. L. T. Meade's "A Bevy of Girls" (Chambers) might well be called a study in selfishness, for the invalid mother and her three daughters are complete examples of that particular failing. However, a sensible elder daughter and an angelic friend reform the family after many troubles, which Mrs. Meade describes in the attractive way peculiar to herself. In "Molly and Her Brothers" (Blackie), the heroines seek and find their fortunes in a Far West mining settlement, where Miss Mabel Earle happily carries them through many thrilling adventures; a really good book full of healthy excitement.

From "Punch" Office.

No nursery can possibly expect to be really happy this Christmas without "Mr. Punch's Christmas Book," published at six shillings, edited by E. V. Lucas, and illustrated by Olga Morgan. The opening verses may be taken as a specimen of the wit and humour of the whole volume:

"If Christmas were a country,
The Cook its Queen would be;
The Parcel Postman Premier,
Or other high degree.
And fairly proud positions
(Though far below the Cook)
Would fall to all who wrote and drew
To make a Children's book."

A Merry Christmas to You!

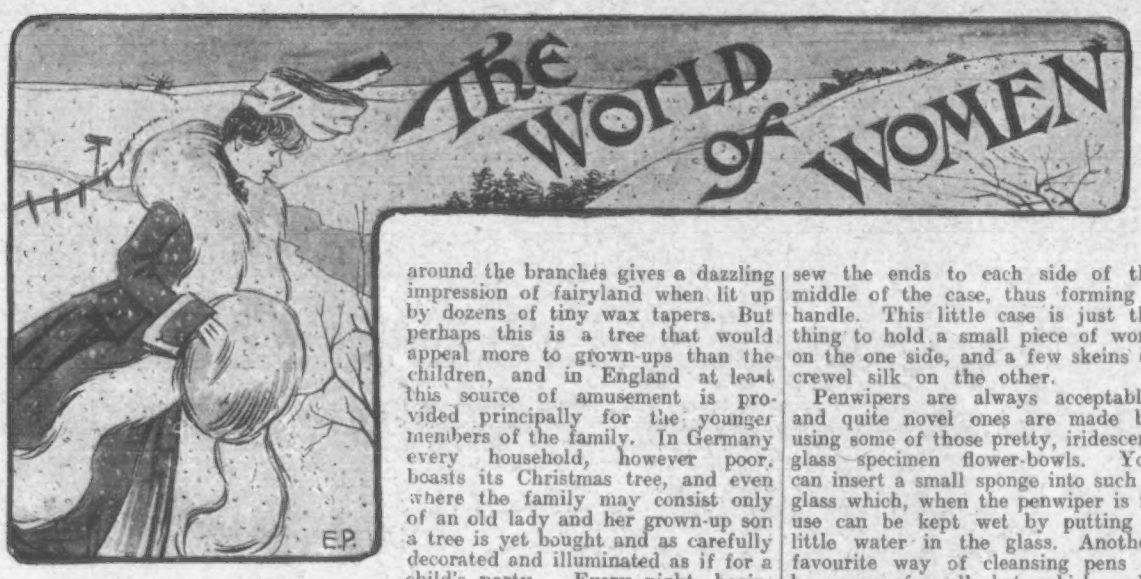
Drawn by Wal Paget.

Though Cecile bears the best of cheer,
The students think it scarce suffices
And count the landlord's daughter dear
The sweetest of his merchandises.

The Gallants' Ambush.

Drawn by Dal Durst.

Now, all who list may wagers lay
That they'll succeed and kiss her soundly;
But those who know Cecile will say
She'll box the gallants' ears right soundly.



CHRISTMASTIDE.

Around this season—the most hallowed of all the year—have clustered from time immemorial customs and observances sacred, solemn, sweet. It is the time of peace and goodwill, of gladness and reunion, of festive greeting and joyous welcome. New friends are made, old friendships cemented. Once more the members of a family gather under the family rooftree, and happy that circle in which the passing year has made no break! Happy those hearts which miss no loved one, who in the dying year has travelled towards that bourne from whence no traveller returns. For all that, Christmastide is pre-eminently the time of rejoicing—some sad hearts there are bound to be. Some celebrate the holy festival with regret for the might-have-been; others participate in it with mirth and laughter, and look forward with eager hope and anticipation. Once more the yule-log is kindled, and the merry flames go leaping up the chimney! Once more the holly bush is put up and the mistletoe bough! The Christmas decorations, indeed, contribute not a little to the prevailing sentiment. To eke out the red berries, small paper roses, red, yellow, blue, white, can be easily manufactured, and make an effective relief to a background of evergreen and Japanese fans, amid branches of laurel and fir, all help to impart an air of brightness and gaiety in keeping with the Yuletide atmosphere.

Above all, it is in the homes where children are gathered that Father Christmas holds greatest sway. To them Santa Claus is such a real creation, and who might not wish to be a child again at this season of the year, to thrill once more with the delights of stocking hanging? I know at least one family in which the custom dies hard, and where boys and girls, all in their teens, provide themselves with each other's stockings and solemnly bandy them about while each deposits within his or her particular contribution. At night-time everybody hangs up somebody else's stocking at their bedside amid faithful promises not to look. I am afraid a great many shrewd guesses are made as to their contents, nevertheless, and that is where tiny folk have an advantage over grown-ups in having a real Santa Claus.

Christmas is, indeed, a wonderful time, slow to come and quick to pass. Weeks beforehand the preparations commence and go on, the excitement grows, and pleasurable anticipation at last becomes reality. The Christmas carols ring out, the Christmas chimes peal forth, joyous greeting is on every lip. A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The Christmas tree, a fashion that fifty years ago we borrowed from the Germans, is certainly one of the chief features to be considered. All children love a tree. Some people hold to the custom of dressing it themselves and allowing it to burst in its full splendour on childish eyes; but, except where the children are very young, I think that is a mistake, as so much keen delight comes from dressing the tree, and older children love to tie on the sweets and toys, wax cherubs, coloured balls, and all the glittering baubles that go to cover a self-respecting tree. Where only effect is aimed at, a tree really looks most picturesque without toys of any description, and depending for its success on ornamentation only. For instance, merely icicles, gold and silver tinsel, cotton wool lightly scattered to imitate snow, and perhaps yards of scarlet worsted twisted around the branches gives a dazzling impression of fairyland when lit up by dozens of tiny wax tapers. But perhaps this is a tree that would appeal more to grown-ups than the children, and in England at least this source of amusement is provided principally for the younger members of the family. In Germany every household, however poor, boasts its Christmas tree, and even where the family may consist only of an old lady and her grown-up son a tree is yet bought and as carefully decorated and illuminated as if for a child's party. Every night, beginning with Christmas Eve, the tree is illuminated until the candles have burnt low, and frequently when daytime visitors call who have not seen the tree in all its glory it is illuminated expressly for them.

Photo, Bunnett.

"GOOD MORNING, A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

There is always a great demand for useful presents for the "grown ups" on the family Christmas tree, and it is surprising how many pretty gifts can be contrived with a little care and trouble from apparently useless oddments.

An exceedingly useful work-case is made from a piece of silk or satin measuring about 16in. long and 10in. wide. The corners are well rounded at both ends, and you can embroider the outside in a pretty design. Make two pockets cut to fit the rounded ends, leaving a space between them of 2in. in the middle, and bind the straight edges of the pockets with tinsel braid, which is also used as a binding all round.

Cut a piece of the material into a strip 11in. long and 2in. wide, and, after having bound it with the tinsel, sew the ends to each side of the middle of the case, thus forming a handle. This little case is just the thing to hold a small piece of work on the one side, and a few skeins of crewel silk on the other.

Penwipers are always acceptable, and quite novel ones are made by using some of those pretty, iridescent glass specimen flower-bowls. You can insert a small sponge into such a glass which, when the penwiper is in use can be kept wet by putting a little water in the glass. Another favourite way of cleansing pens is by means of small shot, which could fill a similar glass.

Quite a simple newspaper rack is contrived from a piece of fairly thick bamboo about 18in. long. Finish off the ends with ribbon bows, and screw in two rings a little distance from well, on which to hang keys and shoe-horns. A gathered pocket in the centre serves as a watch-pocket. Cover the back of the fan with sateen, and, placing the satin side on the front, sew both materials together, bind all round with silk cord, and hang up by a ribbon bow tied to the handle. The sticks and handle can be gilt if wished.

Quite a charming hanging basket is made from a palm-leaf fan, folding one side over and lined with a loose silk bag. Finish off where the side turns over with a soft satin bow, and nail through the leaf on to the wall.

A CHRISTMAS TEA FOR TWENTY CHILDREN.

Five pounds of sultana cake and five pounds of currant cake will cost 5s., and will give an average of half a pound of cake for each child. It is cut up into neat wedges and disposed alternately with the plates of bread and butter.

One and a half pounds of butter will be wanted. This will cost about 1s. 9d. Five 2lb. loaves of bread will be ample, and for this item 1s. 3d. may be laid out.

Twenty halfpenny buns and twenty small jam-puffs, also at a halfpenny, will run at about seven for 3d., so 1s. 6d. will provide the plates of these.

Marmalade and jam are messy, so, except in the handy form of the jam-puffs, had better be omitted from the tea. If money will admit, a plate or two of twenty small sandwiches will be appreciated, and only cost an extra shilling for a tin of tongue. A small one will do very well, as the meat is cut very thin.

Tea will cost 2s. for a pound. It will be all used, tied up in a muslin bag, and put bodily in the urn. A jug of hot water, or a boiling kettle, will keep the cups to the requisite strength.

Half a gallon of new milk will cost 6d. A pot of cream added to it will enrich the tea, and cost another 1s. It is worth the expense of the cream to see the children enjoy the tea. In some places only skim milk is used at these teas.

Four pounds of lump sugar will cost 10d. The tea is now complete at a very moderate price. It needs now only the co-operation of active helpers in the cutting of bread-and-butter and sandwiches in order to make it a full success. And all for less than 15s.—for 14s. 10d., to be exact.

The tea will give great joy to poor children. It is arranged for on the system of averages. One half pound of cake, one bun, one sandwich, one tart for each child, with bread-and-butter to fill gaps. Hungry children will eat more than this; delicate ones, or those better fed, less. If a whole sovereign can be spared, a box of crackers, some oranges, and some sweets to take home can all be managed.

ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS CRACKER.

Many people think that the Christmas cracker, like the Christmas tree, came to us from Germany. As a matter of fact this is not the case. For the modern cracker, as well as its name, was evolved from the old French cosaque. The cosaque — meaning, literally, a sack or package containing something — came into existence about 1840. It was simply a screwed up piece of paper containing a sweetmeat of one kind or another. It possessed none of the artistic beauties which characterise modern crackers—its sole ornament consisting of a roughly frilled edge which had been dipped in some bright coloured dye.

But, although the cracker is French in origin, its amazing modern development as a pretty adjunct to Christmas festivities is almost wholly due to the enterprise of English firms. Cracker-making to-day is anything but a simple undertaking, nor is it confined to any particular season of the year.

The work involves an immense amount of labour never dreamt of by the public in general. A visitor to the factory is shown huge machines designed for box-making, lithographic printing, the cutting and shaping of card, paper, and gelatine, all of which bear a necessary part in the manufacture of Christmas crackers. The "make up" of a single sixpenny box of crackers includes the box and its gay label, twelve wrappers of pretty fancy paper, twelve ornaments, coloured scraps or pictures, twelve pieces of white paper beneath the fancy coverings known technically as "linings," twelve surprise articles, twelve mottoes, and twelve "snaps" or detonaters—making a grand total of seventy three. Of course, the more costly box include a still larger number of items.

HOW CHRISTMAS SWEETS ARE MADE.

In the factories there are mountains of dainty boxes, delicately perfumed and exquisitely coloured, awaiting distribution. For months these mountains have been growing, searching the rafters of great warehouses, spreading into out-of-the-way nooks and corners, and loading the air with their perfume, soon to disappear to the Christmas market.

Day by day thousands of women and girls have been kneading, twisting, pulling, colouring, and packing hundreds of tons of sugar in a hundred different guises. Huge rollers are waiting for the masses of melted sugar. In a moment their hungry jaws are filled; and, beyond, the little drops are falling like a shower of hail, stamped and shaped.

The making of the delicious chocolate is an art more subtle and elaborate. First there are huge sacks of cocoa-beans, rough and shaggy as they leave the lands of the "cocoa" tree. The beans are cast, sackful by sackful, into a huge roaster; and, as the roaster revolves, they are broken up till they are beyond all semblance of their former selves. Ground still smaller in a second machine, they pass into a third, where husk and kernel for ever part company. This completes the first stage. Hitherto the processes both for cocoa and chocolate making have been identical, but they now take different ways, for the nut-brown creamy substance is placed in big pans, slipped under a giant press, and in a moment the white, oily cocoa-butter has been extracted, leaving the cocoa proper, a dry, dull, brown powder. This powder is poured into the never-ceasing mill, to be ground to velvet fineness; and in the meanwhile sugar is being whipped into a cream. In liquid state it is poured into enormous vats, where arms tear and rend it. For a few moments it is dull and grey, but gradually streaks of silver brighten it, and soon the whole is a mass of glistening foam. The chocolate and the cream are then ready to combine to form the

By kind permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck.

THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS CARD.

dainty and toothsome favourites of the boudoir and the nursery. First, the "creams," in semi-liquid form, are poured into moulds of starch to harden; then they are dipped into tubs of chocolate, which substance forms a crust around them, and the work is finished. The final stage is when nimble fingers deposit them in multitudes of dainty boxes.

The demand for boxes that will charm the eye is unflagging. Germany has for long claimed pre-eminence in this direction, but gradually England is ousting her at least from the home markets. Artists and designers spend their lives in devising dainty shapes, and now many of the most exquisitely beautiful of the boxes that are making the windows of the confectioners of London resplendent are made within the sound of the machinery that made the choice morsels that repose within.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR LOVERS.

To give or not to give" is the question which perplexes many a man and maiden at this season of the year. Edwin ponders whether he shall give Angelina a box of chocolates or a pair of gloves, or perhaps wonders whether he dare venture to send her something more expressive of his intentions in the shape of a dainty bit of jewellery. Angelina on her part has to decide the momentous question whether she shall send Edwin a Christmas card; and, having made up her mind on the subject, proceeds to spend much valuable time in weighing the respective merits of half a dozen gorgeous panoramas all selected for Edwin's particular benefit. Some express too warm a greeting, others too frigid a one; and even with an engagement ring upon her finger, Angelina's task is not much lightened, for then the matter becomes complicated in another way, and the rival claims of breast-pins and letter-cases have definitely to be considered.

Perhaps the best solution of the vexed question where lovers or would-be lovers are concerned is, "When in doubt, play trumps"—"trumps" in this case being a gift or greeting of some sort. Angelina feels hurt if Edwin, whom she has remembered, has, through shyness or diffidence, neglected to send her a greeting; while Edwin, on his part, feels mortified to have expended time and thought on a present for Angelina when she has omitted to send him even her good wishes.

And then what a splendid opportunity Father Christmas holds out of bringing two young hearts together. The card, with its wreath of forget-me-nots to the one who is far away? the verse breathing a plea of forgiveness to the offended one; the sentimental greeting to the one secretly beloved! Christmas cards, indeed, make many a pretty speech for lovers who cannot or dare not put their own feelings into words on the other hand, these amorous greetings from undeclared lovers must not always be taken to mean exactly what they say.

HOW TO MAKE A TINSEL BALL.

These are very pretty balls for babies to play with, for they can be produced in any bright colour, and, being soft, they are safe things for children to have.

Any coloured bits of dress material will make one. Say, there is a piece of pretty blue cloth to spare. First, a number of circles are cut out, all of one size. To get the circles uniform, the bottom of a coffee-tin lid may be set on a piece of cardboard, then a pencil run round this will give a good ring which can be cut out, and the cardboard circle used as a pattern for all the bits of cloth. Of course, a pair of compasses would get the circle equally well, but the lid wrinkle is a homely one, and the article is usually ready to hand.

Having got a dozen circles if the cloth chances to be thick, or a score if it is thin, the next proceeding is to scallop the edges fairly deeply. After this the circles are each folded across both ways so as to find the centre where the lines cross. A stitch is put in to mark the middle, then the tinsel portion comes into operation.

A bright line of tinsel is run round the edges, following the scallops. Fine cotton of the colour of the cloth, or sewing silk of the same hue is used, and this is lightly overcast over tinsel and raw edge, with a strong stitch here and there to keep the bright stuff in position.

When all the edges are tinselled, a needleful of strong thread is taken. Each circle is folded into quarters, leaving the stitch that marks the centre outside at the apex. Then the thread is passed through every apex of the dozen or score, as the case is, until all the quarters are threaded on in a row. The needle is now slipped off the thread, and the two ends are tied in a tight knot, which immediately pulls each individual apex to the middle of a charming ball.

All there is to do now is to open out each circle of cloth with its tinselled edge, and baby has as pretty a ball as ever a shop could provide for him.

Before giving the ball to the children, it is as well to enhance its value in childish eyes by making it a bouncer. This is effected by attaching a long piece of round elastic to the middle, putting it through the tight thread ring that is holding all the circle-centres together. This can be done just before tying up this ring so tightly.

Tinsel balls can be made in the brightest colours, and no ornament on the Christmas tree is prettier. If ladies have time, they can make these for bazaars. They need time and a little skill, but they are cheaply made out of old scraps of cloth, and they sell well. Two colours can be used in one ball.

SCIENCE IN THE NURSERY.

Many middle-aged men have been struck by the fact that they were born too soon. They will be more impressed by it than ever after contemplation of the latest toys for the latest children. Science has been brought to the aid of the nursery. Among the best Christmas presents for the young in this year of scientific grace are miniature wireless telegraphic apparatus which will work through brick walls and record messages in Morse code on strips of paper; motor-cars as good as the real thing, and far less dangerous; rocking-horses which not only rock, but gallop wildly onwards. The locomotive which goes faster than some on the suburban lines is, of course, a comparatively old delight, but each year sees its equipment more complete, and its price better adapted to the pocket of a millionaire. How the middle-aged man would have enjoyed these toys had they been present in the small wreckage-strewn nursery wherein his first years were passed! We wonder if they would have brought him more happiness than the cheap contrivances he made most of—or if they bring the modern child more happiness than the old things brought the ancient child!

QUAINT CHRISTMAS FANCIES.

Christmas mince-pie is a potent mascot. Only one must be offered and eaten in one house. It is lucky to take one, but unlucky to take two. The one accepted and partaken of will ensure to the eater a portion of good fortune on a day to come in the ensuing year. If two mince-pies are eaten, the one will counteract the other, and the good fortune will be nil. If three be eaten in one house, then a portion of ill-luck is assured to the eater. By taking a mince-pie in each friend's house, therefore, at Christmas time one may assure oneself of many pieces of good fortune to come.

The Yule-cake has the bride-cake's power on Christmas night. A piece put under the pillow will give the sleeper dreams of her future husband.

The mistletoe is another potent mascot. It is the best luck-bringer of all. In olden days it was the "All-Heal" plant, symbol of health, wealth, and prosperity. These attributes are forgotten to-day, when the luck of the mistletoe is only remembered by lovers.

ROYAL CHRISTMAS CARDS.

The art pendant Christmas card is this season's novelty, and it has been made fashionable by the Queen and the Princess of Wales fixing on this design from among the large selection of Christmas cards submitted to them by Messrs. Raphael Tuck.

Each card is practically a picture panel, but when lifted it discloses the leaflet, greeting, and verse of the regular Christmas card, fixed by a ribbon, which acts as a hanger for the picture panel.

Both the Queen and the Princess have chosen sacred subjects for their greeting cards, and in each case Messrs. Raphael Tuck's artist, H. M. Bennett, is responsible for the design.

Our readers will doubtless like to see reproductions of the Queen's and the Princess's cards, but, charming as they are in black and white, they are far more beautiful in colour. In both the colouring is very rich. On the Queen's card "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men" appears in silver letters on the panel, and inside is the greeting: "With all good wishes for a peaceful and happy Christmas."

Her Majesty, by the way, always makes a point of keeping the original painting for her Christmas card.

On the Princess of Wales' card, over the picture As "Glory to God in the highest," and inside is inscribed "To wish you a peaceful and happy Christmas," while on the second leaf is the first verse of "Hark! the herald angels sing." This seems to show that the Princess prefers the famous old Christmas hymn in its popular form rather than its less familiar original wording given in the latest edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

Turkey Soup

Is a very good way of using up the remains of the turkey. Break up the bones small with any skin and trimmings, add two quarts of thin stock and bring to the boil. Skim till clear, add celery, an onion and carrot, and simmer gently for three hours, removing any fat or scum that rises. Strain the soup through a clean cloth wrung out in cold water. Thicken the soup with two ounces of ground rice, season to taste, add some tiny bits of the white meat of the turkey, and serve.

Roast Goose.

Very carefully pluck all the quill sockets or stubbs out of the goose and singe it. Cut off the neck close to the back, leaving part of the skin of the neck, removing the feet and pinions at the first joint; put a skewer through the wing and press the legs in close. Dry inside and outside. Fill the body with hot seasoning made thus: Two onions boiled for ten minutes and chopped finely, a few finely chopped sage leaves, three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, seasoning of black pepper and one ounce of dissolved butter. Stir over the fire till it becomes a smooth paste. Tie up the opening, roast and baste plentifully for quite two hours if a large bird, for it must be thoroughly cooked. Serve with good brown gravy poured round and apple sauce.

A Xmas Table Centre.

A pretty idea for Christmas table decoration is a white satin centrepiece embroidered in scarlet and scarlet and white flowers arranged in slender vases, the whole being illuminated by crimson fairy lights dotted about the table or branch candlesticks with crimson shades. A variation would be a red table centre bordered with trails of mistletoe, and at the corners clumps of holly tied with red satin ribbon placed between Christmas crackers.

Sausage Savoury.

Required: Allow one sausage for two people, some horseradish sauce, a little mustard and cayenne, slices of toast.

Scald the sausages and when cold divide each in two lengthwise, spread with horseradish sauce, a little mustard and cayenne. Place on a baking tin, and cook for twenty minutes in a good, hot oven, basting in a little butter if necessary. Cut toast exactly the size of the sausages, butter it, and spread a little made mustard over it. Serve with the flat side of the sausage on the toast and a little parsley scattered over all.

A Rich Plum Pudding Sauce.

Warm two or three tablespoonfuls of milk or cream and mix it with the yolks of two eggs; add a tablespoonful of rum, season with a grate of nutmeg, and stir over a slow fire until it is quite hot, but on no account allow it to boil. Sweeten to taste and serve.

Hare Pasty.

Required: Some cooked hare, a little gravy, blade of mace, sprig of parsley, half a lemon, a bit of lean ham, and six shallots.

This is a very tasty and uncommon way of using up the remains of a hare. Cut the meat into dice, stew the bones in a little gravy with parsley, mace, and lean ham. After this has cooked an hour strain into a clean stew-pan, then add the pieces of hare dredged with flour with six shallots, a little parsley and, if you have it, some bits of turnip. Allow all to simmer for half an hour. Have ready a china case lined with puff paste. Pour into this mixture, and set it in an oven till the pastry is just done.

A Hint on Soup-Making.

Put bones from a joint (broken small) in a jar, fill with cold water, add a few peppercorns and an onion. Place the cover on the jar, and cook the contents slowly all day. Strain off at night, and you will have some very good clear soup. If there is not time enough to extract all the goodness from the bones one day, remove the cover of the jar at night and stand in larder. Next day remove all fat, add a little more water, and cook again for several hours. This mode of soup making is very easy and the result is excellent.

By kind permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES' CHRISTMAS CARD.

THE PANTOMIMES.

ALL ABOUT THIS MONTH'S PRODUCTIONS.

The Price of Pantomime.

It costs money to run a Drury Lane pantomime. The expenses of production generally run to something like £20,000!

No profit can be shown until this amount, coupled with the weekly working expenses, has been taken at the box-office, and, as the period during which the pantomime runs is so short, business must be very brisk to ensure success.

One of the most successful pantomimes ever produced at Drury Lane was "Mother Goose," and some idea of the holding capacity of the house may be gathered from the fact that £820 was taken at a single performance, this being the high-water mark of all Drury Lane productions.

A writer in a recent issue of *Tit-Bits* states that during the first few weeks of pantomime time the wages-sheet at Drury Lane has fully 1,000 names upon it, with amounts beside them varying from 15s. up to £250 per week, the latter being the salary which was paid to the late Dan Leno. These 1,000 people are all kept very busy, for there is plenty of work for each to do. Porters, programme-sellers, firemen, barmaids, call-boys, messengers, cleaners, dressers, wardrobe women, property men, limelight men, stage hands, scenesshifters, engineers, carpenters, electricians, and attendants each and all have their allotted tasks to perform, while, although the public forget the work and anxieties of the author, composer, promoters, directors, and managers, they can hardly fail to notice the harassed expression of the box-office keepers, to appreciate the efforts of the orchestra, or to applaud the triumphs of the scene painters.

Even the housekeeping expenses of the theatre are large. During rehearsals meals are occasionally provided. Sometimes lunch, always tea, is taken in the theatre by those rehearsing, while the latter meal is also supplied to a large number of those connected with the place, so that the weekly bills for groceries is no small item.

The Man who Writes the Music

The master of the music at Drury Lane is Mr. J. M. Glover, an Irishman from Dublin, who in his time has been journalist, theatrical manager, and composer. Mr. Glover has an exact knowledge of the sort of music pantomime requires, and how that music should be orchestrated; and the success of a pantomime on Boxing-night owes not a little to the humorous energy with which he holds things together.

Preparing the Pantomime.

Although the complete pantomime has only the short life of a few weeks in the winter, it is in many ways an institution claiming attention the whole year round. Constant employment is found for busy hands of workers who have to make the lamps with which all the Aladdins will soon work such wonders; the huge pumpkins which roll at the feet of many Cinderellas; various quaint "gold" and "silver" vessels heard of only in fairy tales; and the mammoth gods and godesses found in the caves of the "Arabian Nights."

The selection of "principals," too, is a never-ceasing undertaking. Scores of travelling agents do nothing else but visit theatres "discovering" new knock-about comedians, new "dames," winsome lassies for "principal girls," and—let us not forget—pretty creatures with commanding figures for "principal boys." Every bashful maiden who takes a minor part in a chorus hopes to blossom into a "principal boy" one happy day.

Besides specially lavish scenery and expensive numbers, there is an extremely large salary list. Let me just enumerate roughly the characters necessary for a good pantomimic production:

Principal boy	1
Principal girl	1
Knockabout comedians	2
The "Dame"	1
Glee-singers	4
Première danseuse	1
Chorus (male)	16
Troop of dancers	8
Chorus (female)	40
Children (boys and girls)	40
Ballet	32
Total on the stage	146

Particulars of other workers, all important, but less familiar to the public, may also be interesting:

Stage manager	1
Assistant stage manager	1
Prompter	1
Limelight men	16
Electricians	2
Stokers	2
Dynamo driver	1
Dressers	12
Stagemen	32
Carpenters, etc.	3
Property men	12
Fly-men	12
Supers, any number above	20
Musical director	1
Orchestra	28
Attendants (male and female), programme boys, etc.	30
Artists	2
Billing staff	7
Total, other than actors, etc.	183

Thus, with the managerial staff, there are nearly 350 wage-earners. For ordinary stage productions you do not need a staff like this, but cutting down where a pantomime is concerned is a most dangerous proceeding.

Photo, Langhér.

MISS MAY DE SOUSA, who is to play Cinderella, at the Drury Lane Pantomime.

All through the year miles and miles of linen are transformed into gorgeous scenes, thousands of tinsel costumes have to be specially made, and snowstorms and volcanic eruptions have to be "prepared."

Photo, Bolak.

ALICE RUSSON as Cinderella at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow

Arthur Collins of "The Lane."

Mr. Collins has spent practically the whole of his professional life at Drury Lane, where he started more than a score of years ago in the paint room, as an apprentice to one of the scenic artists. Mr. Collins is fond of recalling the fact that the first work he did in the playhouse which he afterwards was to manage was standing on a board between two ladders and mixing paints for his master.

Since then he has done everything man can do in a theatre, and certainly no theatrical manager has had so wide and varied an experience. Mr. Collins has been scene painter, acting manager, actor, and finally stage manager to the late Sir Augustus Harris.

With the formation of the Drury Lane Company Mr. Collins became managing director of the theatre, and since then he has been solely responsible for the staging of the dramas, and for the staging and partly for the writing of the pantomimes. No living man in this country has quite the same genius for carrying out elaborate stage spectacles and for handling large stage crowds as Mr. Collins has, a fact which this year's production at the national theatre may safely be expected again to prove.

In private life Arthur Collins is a generous, good-hearted friend. His recreations are motoring and racing.

Photo, Bolak.

MISS MAUD DARLING, principal girl in "The Queen of Hearts," Court Theatre, Liverpool.

Miss May de Sousa.

The young American actress, Miss May de Sousa, has only been four years on the stage, during which time, in addition to playing as Mrs. Pineapple in "The Chinese Honeymoon," and being leading lady for two years to Mr. Richard Carl, she has created the following characters: Marion in "Tenderfoot," Contrary Mary in "Babes in Toyland," Queen of Hearts in "Land of Nod," and Princess Anglecake in "Runaways." Perhaps the strangest feature of her career is that she had never seen the interior of a theatre in her life until she made her first appearance as an actress, as to take up her part she came direct from the Sacred Heart Convent, where she had been educated.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS MADGE LESSING, who is to play a leading part in the Waldorf Christmas play at matinees only.

Scene-Painting at Drury Lane.

Drury Lane can boast of the finest scene-painting room in Europe. It occupies the whole depth of the theatre from the roof to the basement. The floor of the scene-painting room is about in the middle of this space, so that the huge frames upon which are stretched the canvas to be painted can be lowered at will to whatever position the artist desires.

Here, almost all the year round, a staff of scene-painters are at work preparing the scenery for some coming production. They paint either from small pictures or from miniature models of the stage fitted up with tiny wings and scenes, which have to be copied in the actual size required. In addition to the scenery thus painted, much work of the same kind is done under contract by such well-known men as R. C. McCleery, Henry Emden, or Bruce Smith.

The actual materials used in theatrical productions run away during a year with a great deal of money, while the cost of heating and lighting the theatre is, as may be imagined, a very material item. Costumes and wigs, artificial flowers and furniture, floral decorations and carpets, fittings and pictures, timber and canvas, decorations and repairs all go to swell the debit side of the account.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS RUTH LYTTON, who is to be principal girl in pantomime Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

Miss Ellen Terry on the Green-Room.

"The green-room! I may be prejudiced," writes Miss Ellen Terry in the *Windsor*, "but I find charm and fascination in the very sound of its name! The theatre, the stage, the drama, the art of acting, the actor—all have their serious side and their serious history, but no one can tell you much of serious importance about the green-room. Its history would be better *told* than *written*, for it is above everything, intimate, familiar—perhaps I should add, scandalous!

"What is the green-room? To the outsider a kind of half-way house between illusion and reality. To the actor—alas! one can now only speak of what it used to be to the actor, for his green-room is rapidly disappearing as a fact, and as an idea has long ceased to be an important part of theatrical life. But to the actor in my young days the green-room meant as much as the stage itself.

"When new theatres are built, the green-room is left out of the reckoning. In America only one green-room exists, at Pittsburg. Here and there in the provinces the older theatres (notably Bath and Bristol) still have their green-rooms, but, in many cases they are not used, or used for other purposes, and in London it is the same, only more so. Only the other day the green-room at Drury Lane was demolished, and it does not seem that players were either indignant or tearful at this wiping out of an old tradition.

"It is quite likely, as some people think, that the institution has outgrown its uses, and that only the sentimentalist need mourn over it. Only the sentimentalist? Well! It is a good thing that we should be reminded occasionally of some losses and gains which have nothing to do with accounts or algebra or logic. The sentimentalist has his value. I admit that it is not so much the usefulness of the green-room that I remember, as its charm."

"Many of the green-rooms were very beautiful. The one at the Lyceum, with its four stately pillars, its glass, its walls lined with pictures, old play-bills, and good prints, was quite a history of the theatre, an education in itself. But probably there never was a green-room to equal that at the Comédie Française, which is kept just as it was in Molière's time, and more than any other part of the theatre makes you feel that you are really in the 'House of Molière.'

"Then the green-room glass! What a world of people I have seen walk up to it and show their character as they have walked, and look into it and show more of their character as they looked! As a child, at the Princess's Theatre, I used to sit like a tailor on one of the benches watching the reflections in that wonderful glass—columbines practising steps, and 'cuts,' and being what is called 'turned out.' I can see Carlotta Leclercq, who was one of the columbines, arranging her skirts. I can see actors old and young studying their make-up, and the clown and harlequin doing quaint little dances. I can see handsome Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett) dressed as Ophelia, and hear her trying her songs as she paced up and down."

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS ADA REEVE, to play Aladdin, at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham.

of the movement are Messrs. R. G. Knowles, Harry Randall, Eugene Stratton, and Will Evans. Mr. Knowles is an expert with the club, and has gone close to record on several famous grounds.

Mr. George Robey has the unique distinction of figuring in football as a forward with the Millwall Club, and has also been elected to membership of the M.C.C.

It is in cricket that most actors are prone to take their pleasure. Especially is this the case with important touring companies, each one possessing an eleven eager to battle with their rivals. Mr. Oscar Asche is foremost in the game, and other first-class wielders of the willow, known in London or the provinces, are Messrs. Louis Bradfield, Henry Lytton, Hayden Coffin, Horace Mills, and Fred Wright. Each year a match, London v. Provincial Actors, is played for the benefit of charity at the Oval.

Music-Hall Fortunes.

Have music-hall artists' salaries reached high-water mark?

The average of salaries of popular favourites has been rising steadily during the past twenty years, and the following table of weekly earnings will show approximately the increase during the past fifteen to twenty years:—

Old Times.	
George Leybourne	£100
Leotard	100
Hanlon	100
Vance	80
"Lulu"	80
"Zazelle"	80
Recent Times.	
Fregoli	£300
Albert Chevalier	250
Vesta Tilley	200
Dan Leno	150
Sandow	150
Biondi	50

It is, however, a question of supply and demand. For instance, when the late Dan Leno was earning £150 a week at the Pavilion that theatre cleared £33,000 during the year.

The Alhambra has never done better business than when Fregoli was engaged at £300 a week.

But if salaries have increased, the expenses of artists have done so as well. Some turns required elaborate scenery and dresses, besides which travelling is an important item.

Sayings About the Fair.

There are a few sayings about women which show how the opinions of various nations agree.

An old English saying is: "If a man lose a woman and a farthing, he will be sorry he lost the farthing."

A Scottish one: "The next best thing to no wife is a good wife."

The French adage: "A man of straw is worth a woman of gold."

The German: "There are only two good women in the world—one is dead, and the other can't be found."

The Persian asserts that women and dragons are best out of the world.

Photo, Topical.

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME: In the scene painter's studio.

Photo, Langfier.

MISS DAISY CORDELL, who is to play the part of Fairy Godmother in this year's pantomime at Drury Lane.

Players at Play.

The variety artists have recently taken up golf in earnest, and have leased their own links. At the head

Photo, Bolak.

MISS GEORGINA MIDDLETON, who is to play principal girl in "Humpty Dumpty," Theatre Royal, Nottingham.

The World of Pastime.

FOOTBALL.

Interest has been divided between the New Zealanders and the draw for the first round of the competition proper of the English Cup since the Football Association met last Monday. All the cards are on the table, and the speculative individual can busy himself between now and next spring in an attempt to spot the winners in the greatest of Cup competitions. For one thing the prophet is usually a bit at sea at this stage of the contest, and cup-tie form and league play have a habit of contradicting each other.

Many clubs who would not have been credited with the remotest chance in the early stages of the Cup have eventually emerged successful from the great contest. Notts

Photo, Bowden.

Winfield, who converted Cardiff's 4 tries.

took the Cup when in the second division of the League, and only a few years since the prospect of Tottenham Hotspur securing the coveted trophy was scouted even by Southerners. However, it has sprung many surprises upon us ere now, and who knows but what another may be in store for us this season?

The draw is distinctly favourable to Southern clubs. Tottenham Hotspur were the first out of the hat, and they had the satisfaction of being drawn against Burnley. With the advantage of playing at home they should go a stage further. Fulham and Queen's Park Rangers are drawn together at Craven Cottage, and the chances are in favour of the home club while the Arsenal, also drawn at home, should beat West Ham

The New Crusaders have to meet Plymouth Argyle, but they can scarcely hope to beat the professionals from the west. Brentford and Bristol City should furnish an interesting encounter, and he would be a bold man who would predict the winner. Milwall should beat Burton, and a battle royal ought to be the outcome of the game between Southampton and Portsmouth. On the latest form the Saints should pull through.

Of the big clubs in the first division, the holders, Aston Villa, have a very soft thing on with King's Lynn. Both the Sheffield clubs are drawn at home, as are Sunderland and Manchester United. The Wearsiders meet Notts County, and they should win. The draw on the whole is a favourable one, and the thirteenth day of the first month of the new year should yield plenty of excitement.

Bury, the lowest club in the League, put up a performance against Woolwich Arsenal which should help to lift them out of the rut into which they have drifted. Their win of 2 goals to nil was a most meritorious one. Sheffield Wednesday, playing on their own ground at Owlerton, carried too many guns for Birmingham, and beat them by 4 goals to 2, and Sunderland proved a goal better than Notts Forest, the scores being 2 goals to 1, and Preston North End beat Stoke, Newcastle United defeated Notts County, Aston Villa got the better of Sheffield United, and Wolverhampton Wanderers went under to Liverpool, while the games between Derby County and Everton, Manchester City and Blackburn Rovers, and Middlesbrough and Bolton Wanderers were drawn.

Owing to the cup-ties there were only three matches in the Southern League last Saturday. One of the best of them was between Milwall and Southampton on the former's ground. The game was most stubbornly contested throughout, and it looked any odds on either at various points of the game, but, at the end of a fiercely-contested battle, the honours were divided, each side scoring three goals.

Bristol Rovers, playing at home, were just a goal too good for West Ham, the margin being 2 goals to 1 in their favour. Fulham, though playing away from home, beat Queen's Park Rangers by 3 goals to 1, and on that form should hold them pretty safe in the forthcoming cup-tie. Reading were engaged in beating Plymouth Argyle on the latter's ground in the Western League, the margin being 2 goals to 1 in their favour.

The Corinthians made one of their all too infrequent appearances against Tottenham Hotspur last Saturday, but they were beaten by 3 goals to 1. The cleverer side undoubtedly won, but the amateurs might have got off lighter had they made full use of their opportunities. They started with great dash, and Eggett was lucky to clear from Harris and S. H. Day. E. S. Ward missed an open goal just after the interval, but he shot badly, and the extra quality of the Hotspur defence was equal to the calls made upon it, and that won them the match.

Under Rugby rules the New Zealanders kept up their phenomenal run of successes, their victims being Cheshire. Like most of their wins the victory was substantial, for 34 points to nil was the score at the close The total was made up of 2 goals and 8 tries, and it will easily be seen that Cheshire did little more than defend their lines. To-morrow's great match at Cardiff is being eagerly looked forward to, but I doubt whether Wales will succeed where England, Scotland, and Ireland have failed.

Photo, Bowden.

CARDIFF BEAT BLACKHEATH AT BLACKHEATH: A line-out.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The principal cross-country event of the week has been the annual encounter between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and, as usual, the race was run over the Thames Hare and Hounds course at Roehampton. It was the twenty-sixth occasion on which the 'Varsities had met. The victory rested with the Light Blues in 1903 and 1904, and they won again last Saturday. A. R. Churchill, the winner on the two previous occasions, and who last year created a record by covering the seven and a half miles in 42min. 17 4-5 sec., was an absentee on the present occasion, and A. S. D. Smith has gone down.

Nevertheless, the Cantabs were easily equal to the task of beating their rivals from the banks of the Isis. The win was not unexpected, but the placings were quite against the anticipations of the experts. It was generally voted that F. M. Edwards would be first man home, but A. H. Pearson upset all calculations by outpacing the field, and winning in 41min. 11sec. It was at first thought that he had beaten record, but it was found that the course was over a furlong short, and, of course, the time will not stand. It was a piece of very bad luck, for he could have easily covered the extra bit inside the previous best. Cambridge won by 23 points to 32.

Photo, Bowden.

CARDIFF BEAT BLACKHEATH BY 24 POINTS TO 4: Second goal to Cardiff.

The Blackheath Harriers scored a very easy win over the Roath Harriers (Cardiff) by 18 points. The course was eight miles in length, and the 'Heathens furnished the first four men home. E. F. Judson was the winner, and the first man of the visiting team to pass the judges was J. Summers. The South London Harriers had a match with the United Hospitals, and beat them by 20 points to 35. The distance was seven miles, and F. A. Knott won in 44min. 31sec. G. C. Boit, of the Hospital team, was second, and J. L. Churchill, of the home side, third.

The Highgate Harriers decided a three and a half miles handicap from their quarters at Wood Green. Embodied in the contest was the holding of the Chapman Challenge Cup. A. G. Horne ran very well—his start being 55sec.—and won by a dozen yards from W. Rice, whose nearest attendant was G. W. Restall The Elstree A.C. and the Queen's Park Harriers held an inter-team race over a five miles course at Elstree. The visitors had the first man home in H. Hobbs, but they lost on points by 29 to 55.

The Polytechnic Harriers were catering for their novices at Pinner. The course was three miles, and there were fifteen starters. W. W. Hawkes won by 50yds. from F. Mitchell, with R. Franklin third, the time being 19min. 45sec. The senior members had an ordinary run of five miles, piloted by G. P. Law, H. W. Fowl, and J. M. Andrew.

The Ranelagh Harriers diverted themselves with a run of five miles over the "Page" course, there being no attempt at racing; but the Finchley Harriers were seriously engaged with a five miles steeplechase handicap at Neasden. Fifteen started out of an entry of twenty, and the first prize went to W. H. Lawrence, 2min. 20sec. start. H. Wright, from the same mark, was second, and J. K. Kempton third.

Photo, Bowden.

THE SMITHFIELD CATTLE SHOW: 1. Colonel McInroy's Aberdeen Angus Heifer, "Burn Bellona," Champion of the Show. 2. The King's Southdown Sheep, Champion Plate Best Shortwool Sheep and Challenge Cup Best Sheep in Show. 3. Berkshire Pig, Middlesex County Asylum, 1st and Cup Best Single Pig.

The Smithfield Show.

In the agricultural shows of the year the Smithfield Club Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall holds a place of its own.

Its importance—the champions of Edinburgh, Birmingham, and Norwich meet here—is such that breeders and agriculturists from all parts of the United Kingdom visit Islington at this season.

A punctual start was made with the judging last week, the first section paraded being that apportioned to the Devon breed, in which the principal prizes were awarded to the exhibits by Lord Rosebery, the King, the Hon. Claude B. Portman, and Mr. J. C. Williams, Lord Rosebery's Nelson, a well-fleshed and symmetrical steer, winning the sectional cup, the King's exhibit in the same class being reserve.

South Devons, which had but one class, came next, Mr. F. W. Roe's Gentleman John, a steer but a little over two years old, being the winner; and then came the Herefords, in which the King's Birmingham champion by Iron Duke not only headed his class, but also got the breed cup, although since last week he has lost over 60lb. in weight. Mr. Richard Phipps, Mr. James Edwards, Lord Coventry, Mr. Peter Coats, and the Hon. F. G. Wynn were also winning exhibitors, the latter's heifer Bodvean Primrose being the runner-up to the King's heifer for the breed cup.

Shorthorns, which are always a favourite group at the show, are this year as representative as ever. Madeline, the King's Birmingham winner, again won the sectional cup, but the best of the steers were Capt. Stirling's Confidence and Capt. H. L. Townshend's Cicero, the latter a beautiful roan. Sir John Swinburne, Miss Alice de Rothschild, and Mr. H. S. Leon were other successful exhibitors.

Mr. John Aungier and Lord Winterton were among the winning exhibitors of Sussex cattle, and Sir Walter Corbet and the Hon. A. E. Fellowes, M.P., carried all before them in red polls, the Prince of Wales not being an exhibitor this year. The Birmingham winner, Janehurst Negro, the property of Mr. R. W. Hudson, followed up previous wins in Aberdeen Angus, and in the remaining cattle sections the chief winners were the King, Mr. W. Hughes, Mr. John Ross, Lord Durham, Mr. T. B. Earle, Miss Alice de Rothschild, and the Duchess of Devonshire.

The King arrived at the Agricultural Hall on Monday shortly after half past two, where he was received by the President (Lord Tredegar). Amongst the vice-presidents of the club who were then in the building were Prince Christian, Sir Nigel Kingscote, the Earl of Feversham, Lord Walsingham, the Earl of Jersey, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, Lord Hothfield, and Lord Rothschild.

His Majesty left his carriage when it had reached the centre of the hall, and proceeded on foot to view the exhibits. He first gave his attention to the cattle, several of the champions and prize winners being led up for closer inspection.

When Buying Presents.

The selection of Christmas presents is always an arduous task if left to the last minute, when shops are packed with busy shoppers, and the attention of the overworked assistants is hard to get. Bearing this in mind many people are now adopting the scheme of shopping by post, which certainly does away with the rush and bustle of purchasing in crowded shops. For those who favour this up-to-date way of buying, we can recommend the firm of Pain Brothers, Hastings, for good quality of goods and prompt attention. Readers should write to this firm for their catalogue. They will find it useful when engaged in trying to solve the knotty problem of what to give at Christmas.

Fowls Worth £100 Each.

While thousands gazed with admiration on the array of dead fat poultry at the Agricultural Hall last week, the Alexandra Palace was thronged with sightseers at the Edmonton Fanciers' Show of live poultry, with the additional attraction of pigeons, rabbits, guinea-pigs, and cage birds.

Not only were there live representatives of the fur and feather industry at Wood Green in their hundreds, but classes for dead and trussed poultry, dead rabbits, roasted fowls, and new-laid eggs.

Photo, Bourdon.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS BEAT CORINTHIANS BY 3 GOALS TO 1: A knotty point, Corinthians claim a foul.

One of the Sheriffs of London, Mr. T. V. Bowater, opened the exhibition, which is the first of its kind, and, judging by its success, will be the first of many.

Among the fowls and rabbits were several exhibits valued at from £50 to £100 each.

The dead poultry suffered much by comparison with the enormous birds displayed at Islington, but for the rest the exhibits were strikingly fine in quality, and as many of them were bred and reared by working men in their back gardens, their good qualities were all the more meritorious.

The Palace was full of the babel of crowing and clucking fowls, except in one corner, where the pretty songs of the cage birds—canaries, larks, linnets, and finches—brought back memories of summer. Some of these small birds were children's pets entered as such in a special class.

Biscuits for Christmas.

The great Reading Biscuit House, Huntley and Palmers, are busy night and day preparing a lengthy miscellany of welcome specialities in the shape of buiscuits and cakes. Of course, there is much in the charm of the old-fashioned Christmas, that even with the progress of years no one can afford to forego, and Huntley and Palmers, while ever ready with novelties to suit change of taste, are to the front again with those of their products which have been long familiar favourites. Noticeable amongst the features of their enterprise this year are special assortments of biscuits packed in receptacles which are remarkable either for their artistic grace, their thorough usefulness, or their suitability as Christmas presents.

Christmas Customs.

We are, on a whole, stout upholders of the ancient Christmas customs, but our ignorance of their origin is woeful. Let us take, for example, the Yule log. To the grown-up it is only a resinous hulk, a kind of derelict of ceremonies. To the child it is at least a feature of revel, a thing which glows and crackles, and sends out lovely flames.

Neither grown-ups nor babies realise that when we burn the Christmas wood we burn it to the honour of Thor, the Sun God, to whom Saxons and Norsemen alike did homage at Juul, the time of the winter solstice. As the Yule log passed her every woman had to curtsey deep and every man bare his head. At the door a sentinel was stationed to forbid the entry of any person with a squint or with bare feet. Nor should the log be wholly burnt, for a charred stump had to be saved, and kept in the house for the next twelvemonth, so that Thor should preserve the house from peril by fire.

There is an impression that Christmas evergreens are all a part of this Yule log ritual. Be this as it may, the custom of breaking branches of fir and other trees in winter for the decking of the homestead is also ascribed to a Northern superstition—that by this humane act on the part of man the tree spirits of the drear December woods are able to share in the warmth of his genial hearth.

The feasting of these days pales utterly when compared with the old-time feasts, and the Christmas menu of to-day boasts very little that is peculiar to the day and festival. The plum pudding originated in plum broth, which, as early as Elizabethan times, was considered an item fit for a gala meal. As to the introduction of the sixpence, the ring, the thimble, and the tiny doll, they may well be the outcome of the "luck bean" tossed by ancient cooks into the "bean cake" baked for Twelfth Night, when he who found the bean was elected "Bean King," or leader of the evening's revels.

How the boar's head, with its fine old accompaniments of Latin doggerel and its sauce of "roguish mustard," came to be replaced by a turkey is possibly accounted for by the gradual disappearance of the genuine boar; but the custom was frowned upon by Cromwellian authorities, which may also account for its disuse. Old table legends, by the way, include a playful tale of a be-mused Oxford scholar, who, while wandering in the woods with his book, encountered a wild boar, and had a mind to turn tail, but retrieved his dignity and for ever signalised the stodginess of ancient literature by choking the ferocious animal with his classic.

Ancient Christmas diversions consisted chiefly of card games, now obsolete, such as loadum, whisk, cross-ruff, all-fours, post-and-pair (a sort of poker), and hoddy, a kind of écarté. Snapdragon is one of the few links between us and those Christmas amusements. It is traced back respectively to ordeal by fire and to Druidical fire worship.

Photo, Bowden.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS v. CORINTHIANS AT TOTTENHAM: A general view of the match.

Photo, Bowden.

TOTTENHAM HOTSPURS BEAT CORINTHIANS: Receiving the ball from a throw-in.

Consumption Can be Cured.

Derk P. Yonkerman, Specialist, whose discovery of a Cure for Consumption has startled the World.

Marvellous as it may seem after the centuries of failure, a cure for consumption has at last been found. After twenty years of almost ceaseless research and experiment in his laboratory, the now renowned specialist, Derk P. Yonkerman, has discovered a specific which has cured the deadly Consumption even in its far advanced stages. In many cases, though all other remedies tried had failed and changes of climate were unable to check the progress of the disease, this wonderful specific has conclusively proved its power to cure.

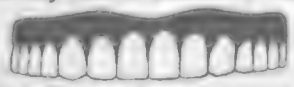
Whatever your position in life may be, if you are in consumption, or suffer from asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, or any throat or lung trouble, this cure is within your reach, for it is a home treatment and need not intertere in any way with your daily occupation. Prove for yourself its healing power

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

Simply send your name and address to the Derk P. Yonkerman Co., Ltd., Dept. 1093, 6 Bouverie Street, London, E.C., and they will post to you a free trial treatment of this remarkable remedy.

Don't hesitate or delay if you have any of the symptoms of consumption. If you have chronic catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, pains in your chest, a cold on your lungs, or any throat or lung trouble, write to-day for the free trial treatment and full instructions, and cure yourself before it is too late.

We Buy what is Useless to You.



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Best Cash Price given for Old False Teeth of any kind. Send on your teeth. Cash or Offer by return. LARGEST and OLDEST BUYERS in the WORLD.

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PLASMON COCOA

ONE CUP contains more nourishment than 10 cups of any ordinary cocoa, and is absolutely free from chemicals.

NOURISHES, WARMS, STRENGTHENS.

Who's Who
IN THE NEW CABINET.

The New Cabinet has now been formed. Below will be found some interesting details of the careers of the members of the new Ministry, reproduced by permission from the Daily Express.

Lord Chancellor...	Sir Robert Reid.
First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister	Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.
Lord President of the Council ...	Earl of Crewe.
Lord Privy Seal...	Marquis of Ripon.
Home Secretary...	Mr. Herbert Gladstone.
Foreign Secretary	Sir Edward Grey.
Colonial Secretary	Earl of Elgin.
War Secretary	Mr. R. B. Haldane, K.C.
Indian Secretary	Mr. John Morley.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	Mr. H. H. Asquith, K.C.
First Lord of the Admiralty	Lord Tweedmouth.
Secretary for Scotland...	Mr. John Sinclair.
President Board of Trade	Mr. D. Lloyd-George.
President Local Government Board ..	Mr. John Burns.
President Board of Agriculture . .	Earl Carrington.
President Board of Education . .	Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C.
Postmaster-General	Mr. Sydney Buxton.
Chancellor of the Duchy	Sir Henry Fowler.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	Mr. J. Bryce.

NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	Earl of Aberdeen.
Lord Chancellor of Ireland	Lord Justice Walker.
First Commissioner of Works ...	Mr. L. V. Harcourt.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.
Prime Minister.

Sir Robert Reid.
Lord Chancellor.

Earl of Crewe.
Lord President of the Council.

Lord Ripon.
Lord Privy Seal.

Lord Tweedmouth.
First Lord of the Admiralty.

The Right Hon. James Bryce.

The Right Hon. James Bryce has been called the most versatile member of the House of Commons, and the late Speaker declared him to be a walking encyclopædia. Mr. Bryce is a mighty traveller, and he scarcely knows himself where he has and has not been. He has talked with South African kings and banqueted with the Dyaks. He has climbed the highest mountains in the States, has been Romanes lecturer at Oxford, and stood on the top of Mount Ararat. He has been in India, Russia, Japan, and knows South Africa and the Empire even to the Fiji Islands, and since he was a mere youth he has been writing classics. One remarkable position Mr. Bryce has held was that of doctor of political science of the Royal Hungarian University, Budapest. There are few languages which the "professor," as he is called, does not speak, and he has been known to address alien audiences in the East End in their various tongues. Among the high offices he has filled since he entered Parliament in 1880 are those of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1886, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, with a seat in the Cabinet, in 1892, and President of the Board of Trade in 1894. The same year he was chairman of the Royal Commission on Secondary Education. His academic triumphs are too numerous to mention. His age is sixty-seven.

The Earl of Aberdeen.

The Earl of Aberdeen has filled several important offices under the Crown. He has been Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Governor-General of Canada, and Commander-in-Chief of Prince Edward Island. The whole of Lord Aberdeen's public and private life has been dominated by the highest principles, and in manner he is unassuming; indeed, almost diffident. It is recorded that once in Canada, when he discovered a journalist stealing a ride in his special train, his only comment was to ask the correspondent, if he had dined, and then to wait on him at the table. His age is fifty-five. Lord Aberdeen was Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Lord Lieutenant.

The Earl of Crewe.

The Earl of Crewe, who is Lord Rosebery's son-in-law, is widely known and respected as a man of sound common sense. His political career has not been notable, but he distinguished himself as assistant private secretary to Lord Granville, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1883, and was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1892 to 1895. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, Lord Crewe, who owns about twenty-five thousand acres, is at once a great sportsman and a renowned collector of books. He is essentially modern, and was one of the first well-known people to deplete his stables of horses and replenish them with motor-cars. So far Lord Crewe has been fonder of advocating his political opinions in print than on the platform. He is forty-seven years of age, and is a worthy son of Lord Houghton, who is better remembered as Monckton Milnes.

Mr. H. Gladstone.
Home Secretary.

Sir Edward Grey.
Foreign Secretary.

The Earl of Elgin.
Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Haldane, K.C.
War Secretary.

Mr. John Morley.
Indian Secretary.

Mr. Herbert Gladstone.

The Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone may be said to have enjoyed a political career all his life, seeing that he was born in Downing Street when his famous father was in official residence there in 1854. Mr. Herbert Gladstone went to Eton, and then to University College, Oxford, and later he became history lecturer to Keble. He entered Parliament at the age of twenty-six, and became private secretary to his father. In 1891 he was made a Lord of the Treasury, and in 1886 he went to the War Office as Financial Secretary. In the last Liberal Administration he was First Under-Secretary to the Home Office, and afterwards Commissioner of Works. Among other things Mr. Herbert Gladstone is president of the National Physical Recreation Society, and he still goes in for cricket, golf, cycling, shooting, and fishing.

Mr. John Burns.

Mr. John Burns, the member for Battersea, who, when he was living in very humble lodgings with his brother in Milbank Street, assured him that he would one day be a member of Parliament, is a man of enormous strength, physically, mentally, and morally. Beginning life as a working engineer, he early made speeches in Battersea Park in order to ventilate public grievances. He came into notice in 1889, when he directed the great dock strike, before which he came into contact with the police on several occasions, and once suffered a short term of imprisonment. He is famous for the energy and sincerity which he has thrown into his work both on the London County Council and in Parliament, but before his high character became known he was looked upon as a species of Jack Cade. Though a Labour member, he has never hesitated to tell the working man of his faults, while his treatise on "Labour and Drink" was a scathing indictment. He is only forty-seven years of age, and has said of himself that he "came into the world with a struggle, struggling now, and prospects of continuing it." He has said that no man should be allowed to earn more than £500 a year. His new salary is £2,000 per annum.

Mr. Lloyd-George.

David Lloyd-George, member for Carnarvon, possesses one of the strongest and most fascinating personalities of the new Liberal Administration. Though a Welshman to the backbone, and the descendant of a long line of sturdy dissenters, Mr. Lloyd-George, who was the son of a Unitarian schoolmaster, was born in Manchester. He was brought up with the assistance of his uncle, who kept a shoemaker's shop in the village of Llanystumdwy. There he went to the church school, and when, during an examination, he was asked some obnoxious questions, he raised the standard of revolt. Having a passion for education, he succeeded in becoming a solicitor in 1884, and entered Parliament in 1890, winning the district in which he had spent his youth by a majority of eighteen votes. Since then his career has been meteoric, for he is a powerful and popular speaker. Mr. Lloyd-George believes in Army reform, though not in an Army increase, and, though he was a furious Pro-Boer during the South African campaign, he strenuously denies that he is a Little Englander. He is forty-two years of age.

Mr. Haldane, K.C.

The Right Hon. Richard Burdon Haldane, member for Haddingtonshire, has been described as a lawyer with enthusiasms. Certain it is that he is a lawyer of the most level-headed kind, enthusiasms or not. He stands four-square for Liberal Imperialism. Up to the present, most of his work, and it has been good solid judicial work, has been done in the committee rooms, where he has displayed his qualities as manager of men and his sound judgment. He is a colossal worker and prolific speaker. Philosophy is his recreation, and the scientific development of trade one of his pet subjects. In this respect he is a great admirer of the German system, which he has studied on the spot. As a scholar he has few rivals in the United Kingdom. In fact, he is that rare individual—a pedant who is at the same time a man of the busiest affairs, and he has studied the Army, which he will now control, to some purpose.

Mr. John Morley.

The Right Hon. John Morley is the son of a Blackburn surgeon, and was educated at Cheltenham and Lincoln College, Oxford. It may be said of him that he is the personification of Liberalism, an autocrat in intellect, and unwavering supporter of Home Rule. When Mr. Morley came to London as a young man, he took to journalism, and had many painful Grub Street experiences. Finally, however, he became associated with Mr. Stead in the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then a Liberal organ, and was editor for fifteen years of the *Fortnightly Review*. He was only twenty-seven when he attempted to enter Parliament, and met with a crushing defeat. He was forty-three years old before he became a member of the House. His character, therefore, is a denial of the statement that only those who enter Parliament when very young can attain to any distinction. Mr. Morley became Secretary for Ireland in the Cabinet in 1886, and served in the same capacity in the Liberal Administration from 1892 to 1895. He was Mr. Gladstone's staunchest supporter throughout the great Home Rule struggle.

Sir Robert Reid.

Sir Robert Threshie Reid, member for Dumfries, is a man of many distinctions. At Oxford he was a scholar of Balliol and a "Blue," and though he has achieved one of the greatest positions open to members of the Bar, his manner is so simple and unaffected that he is well known as "Bob" Reid. He became member for Hereford in 1880, and was made Solicitor-General in 1894, and Attorney-General later in the same year. It was after he had become Attorney-General that he took part in a contest without precedent in the history of law officers. He played for the amateur championship at tennis, and was only beaten in the last game by Sir Edward Grey, another Liberal Minister. He represented Great Britain in the Venezueland Arbitration Commission at Paris, and received from Lord Salisbury, whose Government had succeeded to office, the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of the able and conclusive arguments he had made on behalf of this country.

Mr. Asquith, K.C.

The Right Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith is known as a great lawyer and a strong man. It has been said of him that whereas manners maketh man, brains have made Herbert Henry Asquith. He has developed them by use, just as Sandow increases his biceps; and they have lifted him into a Cabinet. The impression that one gets of Mr. Asquith is not that he is a self-made man, yet such is the case. It is a far cry from the City of London School to a seat in the Cabinet, but Mr. Asquith took a short cut by way of a scholarship at Balliol and a brilliant career at the Bar. It was as "devil" to Lord James of Hereford that he first showed his ability.

Mr. A. Birrell, K.C.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., who now gets the opportunity of displaying his undoubted abilities in the public service for the first time, is known throughout the world of letters as one of the most brilliant and witty critics of the day. His epigrams bear the distinguishing name of "Birrellisms." So far Mr. Birrell never seems to have taken himself or anything very seriously, but behind Mr. Birrell's witticisms has lurked the promise of something great. For many years he has taken an especial interest in educational matters, and to his party he has rendered great service by editing some 50,000 electioneering pamphlets. He is, so to say, the election editor of the Liberals. His age is fifty-five.

Sir Edward Grey.

Sir Edward Grey, the member for Berwick-on-Tweed, held the important post of Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the last Liberal Government. He is looked upon as one of the "young men" of the Liberal party, and has always declared himself in favour of Imperialism. Though he has invariably expressed himself openly and fearlessly on all questions of Liberal policy, Sir Edward has never appeared ambitious of obtaining high office, though the nation's work that has come his way has been conscientiously done by him. Sir Edward is a great athlete, and it is often said that his passion for fly-fishing has considerably interfered with his political career. Of all the men of note in Parliament, Sir Edward Grey has perhaps escaped criticism more than any man, as his words never seem to arouse antagonism. He is perhaps the most eminently fitted man for the Foreign Office in his party, and he is only forty-three years of age.

Our Illustrations.

The photographs of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Birrell, Sir Robert Reid, the Earl of Elgin, Mr. Haldane, Mr. Burns, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Carrington, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Buxton, and Lord Tweedmouth, are by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.

The photographs of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Lloyd-George are by Mills, the photographs of Mr. John Morley and Sir Edward Grey are by Messrs. Russell, and that of Lord Ripon by Bassano.

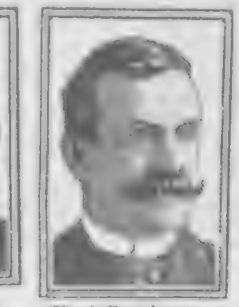
Mr. Asquith, K.C.
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Mr. Sydney Buxton.
Postmaster-General.

Mr. Lloyd-George.
President Board of Trade.

Sir Henry Fowler.
Chancellor of the Duchy.

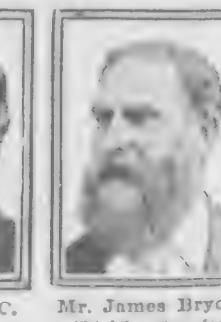
Mr. John Burns.
President Local Government Board.



Earl Carrington.
President Board of Agriculture.

The Earl of Aberdeen
Lord Lieut. of Ireland.

Mr. Birrell, K.C.
President Board of Education.



Mr. James Bryce.
Chief Secretary for Ireland.

DRURY LANE: PREPARING FOR THE PANTOMIME.

The above random sketches were made at one of the most interesting periods in the production of a Drury Lane Pantomime—namely, the rehearsals. Mr. Fragson is the principal newcomer this year, and has brought many new and catchy songs with him from Paris. It is a never-ending source of surprise how the controllers of the many departments, such as music, dancing, costume-making, etc., all work to a common harmonious end without any apparent reference to one another until about a fortnight before production. The pantomime is the one annual carnival of the children of the district who are engaged each year to help in its production. They enjoy the rehearsals as much as the performance, and enter into every detail with enthusiasm, their final ambition in life being principal boy or girl.

Where Mistletoe Grows.

Among our Christmas decorations the mistletoe takes a conspicuous place. As a "kissing bush" it is styled and cherished by rustics all over England. In olden days the mistletoe was called "All-Healing," and considered a remedy for ills.

The mistletoe is seen growing wild in many Midland counties, on poplar, thorn, pear, and crab, seldom on oak. In Scotland and our Northern counties it is never seen in a wild state. It is, however, very interesting work cultivating it, and this is done in a very simple manner. A beginner should select a young apple tree to operate upon. The mistletoe berries are ripe in April, when they should be used. Each berry contains a single seed. Choosing a young branch of the apple tree (bark of two years' growth preferred), burst the berry, and then press on to the bark; the juice is sticky like glue, and soon dries, sticking the seed with its germinating ovule firmly to branch. It is nourished by the gluey matter, assisted by sun, air, and rain. A tiny root is then thrown out, which turns to the bark and pierces it; the new bark grows over and encloses it, and it then feeds on the life juices of the tree. The second year the leaves appear, but the growth is very slow, and much patience is required. Success is, however, well worth waiting for.

It is imposible to eradicate mistletoe from a tree once inoculated. The curious fibres run under the bark from lower to highest branches.

Pig Breeding.

In the lecture on the breeding and management of pigs which he delivered at Chelmsford the other day, Mr. Sanders Spencer impressed upon his hearers the importance of attending closely to certain points which are essential to the success of the pursuit. In the first place it is necessary that the proper class of animal should be kept, as even the most skilful management is ineffectual if the animals are not suitable in type for the market aimed at, or pre-disposed by careful breeding to offer a generous response to the treatment received. The lecturer wisely abstained from making a comparison of the different breeds, as the choice of breed is a matter which must obviously be left to the individual farmer; but let the breed be what it may the injunction as to the keeping of only the very best class applies with equal force. The pig-keeper has the choice of two good markets to cater for. He may aim at supplying porkers, which should not exceed about 90lb. live weight, which weight they should reach at about four to five months old, or it may suit him better to keep the animals until they weigh about 200lb. to 300lb. live weight, when they become suitable to the bacon-curing pursuit, and for this market they should be ready at about seven months old. Practically the same class of pig is answerable to the requirements of the two markets, the only difference being in age and weight, and the earlier the standard weights can be attained the more liberal as a rule will be the profit derived by the farmer. The most profitable pig is the animal which maintains an even and continuous rate of progress throughout the whole of its brief career, and this can only be assured by competent management both in feeding and housing. Experiments have shown that the cost of manufacturing each pound of live weight increases with the age of the pig, and this fact pig-owners ought to keep prominently in view. Mr Spencer severely criticises the still too common practice of allowing the animals to live by what they can pick up on the farm, as even if it costs little or nothing to keep them in this way the fattening process is more costly and prolonged when their preparation for market becomes necessary.

Cutting and Stacking Turf.

Many growers will now be considering the important question of the collection or cutting of turf for the various growing purposes of the nursery. There can be no doubt that a good old fibrous turf, one that has been down to pasture for many years, is one of the best mediums or staples in which to grow nearly all the plants that are cultivated either for their fruits or flowers for market. There is much diversity of practice, and some of it is mistaken practice, as to the way this useful medium should be prepared. There seems to be a great anxiety in some quarters to stack this material a very long time before use—so much so that we have often seen heaps that were three and more years old. For such things as cucumbers, tomatoes, marrows, chrysanthemums, and many other subjects the turf cannot well be too fresh, provided the grass itself is dead. To let the turf remain in stack until every vestige of fibre has rotted out of it is nothing short of folly. In the case of tomato, cucumber, forced marrow, and some other subjects we do not care if the grass on the turf is quite green. In fact, for cucumber culture we have frequently used the turf freshly cut without any stacking whatever with the best possible results. In some districts, especially where the soil is light, there will be much larvæ or eggs of insects which will in due time become larvæ of wireworm, leather jackets, May-bugs, etc., and where this is known to be the case means must be taken for their destruction as far as possible. Where the depth of soil will admit of its being done, the turf and loam together may be spitted off to a depth of from 4in. to 6in., but in cases where the fibre is very shallow it is often advisable not to cut to a greater depth than 2in., and sometimes, when the turf is taken from a very heavy soil, there will not be much more than 1in. containing fibrous matter. The grower cannot, however, always pick and choose where he likes, but must take the best he can get either from his own land or by purchase. If the soil is short of lime it will be safe to stratify with the turf fresh burnt lime to the extent of about half a bushel to each cubic yard. The lime should be just broken into about walnut size, and be distributed evenly between the layers, which should be about 12in. thick. If a good heap is built up in this way the natural dampness of the soil will slake the lime and the heat produced will disinfect the heap to a great extent. In cases where there is plenty of lime in the soil about 8oz. of vaporite may be used instead as a disinfectant. Lime will reduce the constituents contained in the soil to a form more readily available to the use of the plant than would be the case if no lime were used in the stacking. Manure can be interleaved at the time of stacking if desired, but it should not be put into direct contact with the lime. As a rule, except in the case of stacking for cue work, we prefer to stack without manure.

A Fine French Fowl.

Considering the value of the Faverolle, a French importation, it is surprising that more breeders do not keep the variety, and at the National Show which was lately held at the Crystal Palace I noticed that nearly all the winning pens were from the yard of a South Wales fancier, who for many years has been almost invincible in Continental breeds. The appearance of the Faverolle is much in its favour, for birds of the variety are an ornament to any yard, while the merits of the breed are unquestionable. The birds are good table fowls, as well as good layers and excellent sitters; in fact, they have been described as especially suitable to the requirements of the farmer and an ideal farm breed. The Faverolle is extremely hardy and easy to rear; it is a rapid grower and fattener, and especially adapted for the cramming machine. Some breeds are quite unsuited for the cramming process, but the Faverolle is unique for that particular purpose.

Sex of Geese.

It is very difficult to speak positively of the sex of geese, therefore all sorts of expedients are resorted to, some people trusting to one and some to another. The gander is supposed to have a shorter and thicker neck than the goose. He is said to have the bag between the legs single, while that of the goose is double. In adult birds the sex may be discovered by examination. Many people try them with a dog—sometimes hard on the dog. If the birds are shut in a small place like a pig-stye, and a dog is put in, the ganders will lower their heads and hiss at the animal. Perhaps the best way of all is that suggested some time ago by a contributor to *Poultry*: "I presume the birds are nearly full-grown. If so, take notice of the voice. That of the gander is a thin, clear, silvery—if I might say—murmur; that of the goose a deep bass. The beak is much thicker. The under mandible of the gander is also more full than that of the goose, which appears to be shrunken round the nostrils. I have been able to pick the birds out when they have been only a day or two old by noticing their heads, which are larger, more full-rounded than the goose. It will be advisable to notice the beak as well at this stage of the gander. I have bred the Toulouse variety two seasons, and have noticed this in the goslings from the first, and I was only once mistaken."

CHRISTMAS GEESE.
A Flemish sketch by Oscar Wilson.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR CHRISTMAS: Placing the petals in position with a camel-hair brush.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS FOR CHRISTMAS: Some splendid specimens of the Japanese variety.

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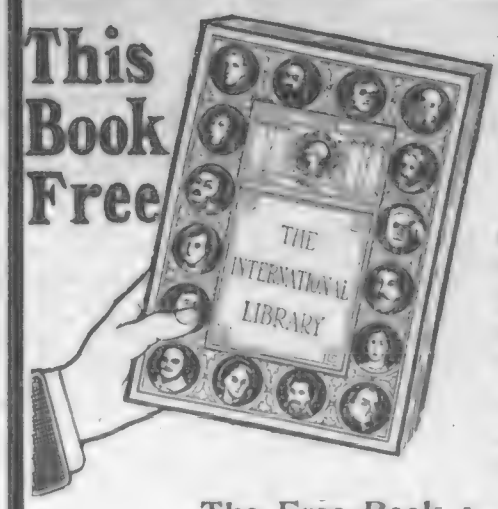

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MISS JUSTINA'S PUNISHMENT

A Monologue.

By PHŒBE HART.

Illustrated by photographic studies of Miss Viola Tree, by Madame Lallie Charles.

Our school was in a state of commotion; Miss Caroline Petworth was ill, and Miss Justina Petworth had to go with her for a week to the seaside to take care of her, so we girls were left in mademoiselle's charge.

One afternoon, mademoiselle received a telegram. She told us a dying friend had sent for her, and she would have to be away from us a little while in the evening. We timed it that she was going to the theatre. We were to amuse ourselves, but were not to get into mischief—she might have known we should do both.

The children were to go off to bed as usual, but we bigger ones were allowed an hour extra for a treat, and we had something especially nice for supper. We appreciated these attentions, and she had no need to ask us not to mention the dying-friend visit to Miss Caroline or Miss Justina on their return.

There were about a dozen of us, and we had a lively discussion as to how we should amuse ourselves during that extra hour after supper. In the end we decided to dress up—fancy dresses, you know. What fun we had; I wish you could have seen us!

Susan Hawkins as William Tell would have been fine if she hadn't forgot to put her hair up—William Tell with a plait below his waist looked odd; but he had a magnificent gun made out of the cook's umbrella, and walked about with an apple in his hand as if he had let his little son's head go away for a holiday.

Our professional beauty, Celia Palliser, was lovely as Fair Rosamond—the embroidered pale green satin cover of the drawing-room grand-piano for the front of her gown, and the best embossed dining-room table cloth, fastened on to her shoulders with two bits of ormolu off the old hall clock, for a train, and her golden curls floating all about her made a picture.

There was a Witch of Endor, and a Hospital Nurse, and a Queen of Night, and an Orpheus—his lute was a mandoline, but that didn't matter—and Maggie Robinson said she was Venus. We said she wasn't; she was so ugly, and such a fright with Miss Caroline's lace quilt just held round her by the coloured glass chains off the staircase-lamp. Now, Beatrice Hamerton-Brown, who flatters herself she looks like an Italian, made up well as Massaniello — red flannel knickerbockers, red stockings, tennis-shoes, light striped shirt-blouse, burnt-cork moustache, one of the children's red fisherman's caps, and Miss Justina's butterfly-net over her shoulder—and there was Massaniello!

The best of all, though, was the American, Miranda P. Vandenbocken, as Pocahontas. Mademoiselle's new

What fun we had!

terra-cotta silk skirt was an undergarment, and she tied a long bead curtain round her neck, and it fell all over her; then she scraped back her jet black hair, and it hung straight as candles almost to her feet; then she took the black cock's-feathers out of mademoiselle's new French hat, and made a fan-ornament for the back of her head; and a broomstick, with the kitchen chopper tied on top, was her tomahawk. She was perfect! America would have been proud of her.

The funniest of all was little Lucy Smith—"Podge" Smith. She attempted Cleopatra. She had a bad cold, so had to keep on her serge dress. She collected all the Turkish antimacassars she could find and pinned them about her, and she wore a wreath of pink roses which she took from mademoiselle's best summer bonnet. There never was such a fat, frowsy, freckled, sniffling, stumpy Cleopatra! How we laughed!

But the success of all the successes was myself; *I* was Miss Justina!

Miss Caroline had left her black silk at home, so I put that on, and I dressed my hair like Miss Justina does hers—a parting, flat curls pinned down the side of the forehead, high upstanding bows, all just like you see in the Pickwick illustrations, and I powdered it to make it grey. I stuffed out one shoulder with a handkerchief-sachet, so that I got Miss Justina's little hump; I slipped into a pair of her black satin shoes, and put on a pair of her mittens, and threw on one of her little white woollen shawls; I found a pair of spectacles, and I covered two side teeth with black plaster to make them look as if they weren't there, and then I caught up a stick and hobbled downstairs into the drawing-room with just Miss Justina's little hobble.

The girls were mad with delight—Pocahontas even was nowhere! We were all very fond of Miss Justina, she was so kind and gentle. The girls knew I could mimic her exactly, and instead of dancing as we had intended, they declared I should do Miss Justina.

So I did Miss Justina, I walked like Miss Justina, I talked like Miss Justina, and (*sighing*). Well, you know what girls are! It was her little weaknesses and infirmities that met with most applause. Her short, dry cough, the twitching of her face when she was excited, the catch in her breath when Miss Caroline was cross or unkind to her, the half-blind look when she lost her spectacles, her limping step, her three stiffened fingers, the slight lisp, the high shoulder, the narrow chest, the little sobbing whimper when she was very, very sad and thought no one could hear her (*sighing*). Well! well! you know what girls are!

Then a game was started. The others were to go out of the room and I was to arrange it as it usually was when visitors called; when I was ready they would come back, and I was to receive them as Miss Justina, and they would be the characters they impersonated.

They left me alone, and I put the chairs and couches in their places, and a work-basket on a small table, and drew up a footstool, and took a final survey of myself in the glass. I pulled out my bows of hair, and I turned round — oh! I never shall forget it, never!—I turned round to see Miss Justina herself come from behind the screen that was in front of the other door.

I gasped!

We were dressed exactly alike; we were so much alike that for the moment I thought I was her ghost, or she was mine; we weren't ourselves, we were each other!

"I've seen everything," she said—she was pale and her voice trembled—"I've heard everything. Keep as you are, Clara Vernon; go behind the screen, and don't come out till I call you." I stammered some excuses. "Do as I bid you," she cried angrily, tapping the floor sharply with her stick. I had never seen her angry before, so without another word I went and stood behind the screen. I could see the whole room through a crack.

Miss Justina turned the lamp rather low, settled herself in an armchair with her back to the light, and called out, "Come in, come in!"

The girls trooped in. At first the conversations were carried on, and Miss Justina held her own with her visitors, Cleopatra, Fair Rosamond, Orpheus, and the rest. But they quickly tired of that, and it was soon: "Show us your hump, Miss Justina."

Miss Justina's mouth twitched nervously, but she stood up bravely and displayed the deformed shoulder. I shook with indignation against myself and them, but I dared not move.

Then they went on: "Cough, cough, Miss Justina." And she coughed. "Where are your rheumaticky fingers?" She held them up. They made her run through all her weaknesses, they made her show up all her infirmities; and they laughed, and laughed, and laughed, and I could scarcely breathe. I felt I must shriek to them to be quiet. But they became more uproarious, and at last it was: "Dance, dance, Miss Justina; hobble, hobble, hobble!" And the dear old lady hobbled round with them till she stood panting in their midst. "Cry, Miss Justina, cry!" and Miss Justina cried—so quietly, so sadly, with that pitiful little whimper that went to your heart.

How we laughed!

It was too much. I covered my face with my hands; I didn't want to see, I didn't want to hear. And gradually the laughter died away, and her stifled sobs were the only sounds. Then one of the girls said:

"Clara, don't, don't do poor Miss Justina any more," and the others: "No, don't, don't any more." But Miss Justina still wept softly.

When she controlled her voice she said: "Come out, Clara Vernon, from behind the screen," and I came out. You can imagine the scene! Believe me, there was no Pocahontas, no William Tell, no Witch of Endor, no anybody; we were simply a pack of schoolgirls, thoroughly ashamed of ourselves.

I threw off my spectacles and shawl, pushed back my flat curls, and rushed up to her, and caught hold of her skirt, and I said:

"I'm so sorry, so sorry! Punish me, Miss Justina; please, *please* punish me!"

And the girls called out "Yes, punish us, please punish us!"

Miss Justina took off her glasses, and wiped her eyes and looked at us—oh, so kindly—and she said, with her pretty lisp:

"My dearth, I have punished you. Now run along," and she kissed us one after the other, "run along to bed. Sleep well, and . . . and we'll never thpeak of this again."

And we never did.

But we were not to get into mischief.

I pulled out my bows of hair.

"I'm so sorry; punish me, please!"

"Satan Finds——"

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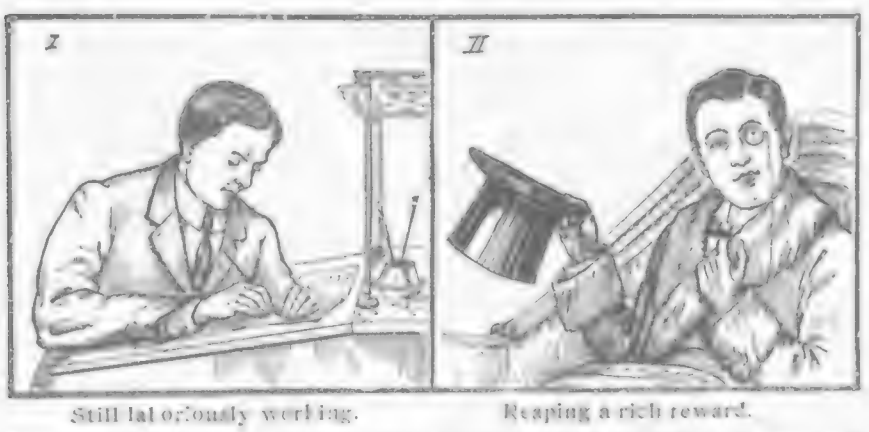

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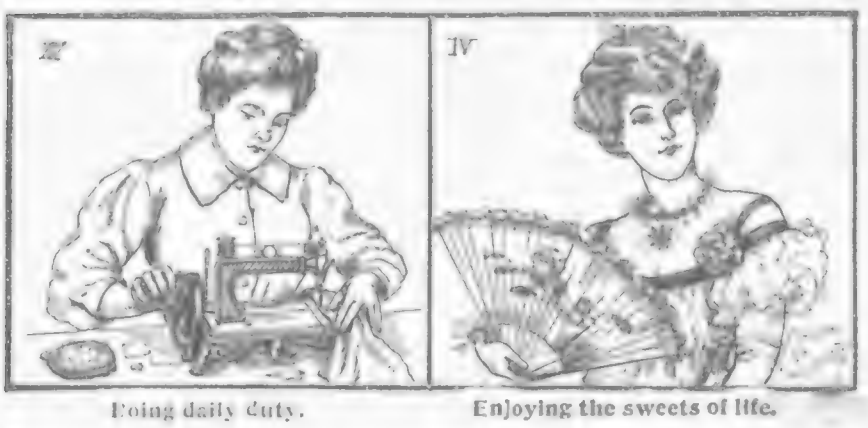

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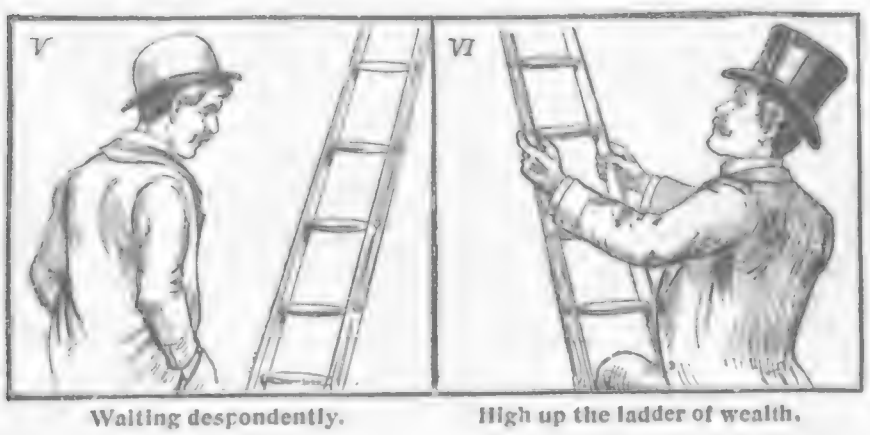

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To the LUDGATE PUBLISHING COMPANY (Hammond, Hammond & Co.), 12 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Please forward me "Secrets of Wealth; or, 519 Ways of Making Money," as advertised in the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, *for which I enclose Postal Order and Stamps, value ONE SHILLING AND TWOPENCE.*

MID SNOW AND ICE. CHRISTMAS IN MANY PARTS.

ON THE CONTINENT.

The children in Belgium fill their shoes with beans and carrots on Christmas Eve, and set them in the chimney-place for the good saint's horse. In the morning they expect to find them filled with sweetmeats and fruit in return for their good behaviour. In Holland the children hang up their woollen stockings by the tiled chimney-piece, and then go soberly to bed, quite sure that the good St. Nicholas will visit them, provided they did not disturb him in his visit. Bohemian children listen anxiously on Christmas Eve for the chariot and white horses of the "Christ Child," as He comes flying through the air with His krippe full of presents; but the Italian children go gravely with their parents to the churches and cathedrals to see the bambino, or saint, who will present them with their Christmas gifts. The Spanish children hide their shoes or slippers in the bushes on Christmas Eve, and find them filled with fruit and sugar-plums on Christmas morning. In France the young people stand their shoes in a convenient place for the good Noel to drop gifts in.

In Norway and Sweden the Christmas season is called the Julefred, or Yule-peace. At Julefred all the courts are closed, and everyone stops disputing and quarrelling; and if people are feeling angry with each other, or children are, they make it up, and are loving and kind, and there is feasting and good-humoured merriment. On Christmas Eve the shoes of all the family are cleaned very carefully and brightly polished, and set in a row before the hearthstone, to indicate that during the coming year everything will be peaceful and pleasant in the family.

IN AUSTRALIA.

When Christmas occurs it is summer in Australia and New Zealand, and skating and snowballing during the holidays are not known. The festival usually is observed by picnic parties in the fields and parks, or by water excursions and regattas. In other respects many of the customs of England prevail. South Australia has no Christmas observances similar to ours, it being with them only a Church celebration, but the eve of St. Nicholas day, December 6, is their great time for exchange of gifts. Here a bishop saint, attended by two angels (garbed much like altar boys), carrying baskets and a lot of devils, with blackened faces and tooting horns, catechises and distributes gifts.

IN SWITZERLAND.

Fortunate those who, unable or unwilling to spend Christmas at home in England, are able to do so under such agreeable conditions as exist in Switzerland, for, although a mile above sea level, with the temperature at night hovering about zero, the days are now brilliant with sunshine, and the clear blue sky as a background to the snow-covered mountains forms a magnificent picture. This country affords ample opportunity for skating, curling, sleighing, skiing, and tobogganing, and championship races are organised.

IN INDIA.

There is to be a Christmas gathering, and it is not long before the guests arrive. The first is the cheery parson. He has driven his old mare twenty miles, but that is nothing. He is received by hosts and hostess with that bonhomie and delightful welcome which is only to be found amongst exiles in a foreign land. The next guest is a youth. He has come fifteen miles at a hand canter, rather than spend his Christmas Day alone. It is almost worth a journey to India to see the manner in which he sits his horse, for this kind are the men who from their youth up have earned their living in the saddle. And all through an hour bidden and unbidden guests continue to drop in, until at least a gathering of twenty is made. The dinner has been served. The dignified sirdar has placed the port and cherry in front of the sahib, and has marshalled the rest of the servants out of the room. In general appearance it is much the same as any other English dinner table. Men and women are dressed as we see them in the West; the closed doors and the pall of night have hidden away the Indian scenery; and now that the native servants have withdrawn, the moment has arrived for the drinking of a toast which to the exile is the most moving, the most solemn of all. The decanters pass, and then the host, calling upon his guests to take wine with him, proposes the "Old folks at home." Only those who have been in exile can appreciate the spirit of this toast.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Tragedies of Christmas.

Nearly every Christmas has its tragedy. The traditional jollity of the season needs no record, though even in the very midst of happiness sometimes may come sorrow.

The railways are to the fore in Christmas tragedies. In Christmas week, 1879, the Tay Bridge and the train it carried were swept into the storm-lashed firth, when not one of the seventy passengers escaped. That was the most appalling railway disaster of the last century, but, unfortunately, only one of very many which attended Christmas festivities. At Sunning, on the Great Western, in the Christmas of 1841, eight persons were killed and seventeen injured, the bulk of the victims being workmen engaged in rebuilding the Houses of Parliament. At Hatfield, in 1870, a Boxing Day train was smashed, and eight passengers killed. Nearly five times as many were killed in a disaster near Oxford, four years later, and in the same accident seventy were shockingly injured.

Photo, Topical.

CHRISTMAS IN THE ALPS: Driving home for the Christmas dinner.

Photo, Clements.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND: A chain on the ice.

CHRISTMAS IN LAPLAND: The photograph shows a young Lap about to drive his sweetheart to church on Christmas morning in a sleigh drawn by four reindeer.

NOT A FIT SINCE

"Since I began taking Ozerine the fits have entirely ceased," writes Mr. H. M'Cullisch, Derrygonagh, Ballinamore, Co. Cavan. "My boy has had a fit every week for three years. Since I got a bottle of Ozerine, from Mr. Johnston, chemist, Belturbet, of Carr Bridge, about four months ago, he has not had one fit. I am not going to take any more from him, as I am convinced that Ozerine has cured him." Mr. M'Cullisch is only one of the thousands whom I have cured. I offer everyone afflicted with fits a

FREE SAMPLE OF OZERINE.

If it does not give encouraging relief you need not spend a penny on it. Valuable little book on fits and free. Write now to L. W. NICHOLL, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Dept. 7), 25 HIGH ST., BELFAST

Handsome & Useful Xmas Gifts.

The Ironclad Electric Motor.

Here is a useful and instructive gift for the boy which is suitable for use in running a model workshop or a lathe, and in dozens of other ways to those of any instructive and electrical turn of mind.

The "Ironclad" motor is an entirely new model, highly finished, suitable for all kinds of light work, fitted in an enamelled iron dust-proof case, with handy removable case over the brushes.

It can be run with two or four volts. Even six volts could be used for high speeds without the slightest injury to the "Ironclad" motor.

This will be sent complete in a wooden box, carefully packed, for 21s. 6d.

Model Steam Engines.

Best in the World. Send two 1½d. stamps for our fully illustrated Catalogue of Model steam engines, Electrical supplies such as Bells, Lamps, Batteries, Galvanometres, Ampere and Volt Metres, Wires, &c.

All scientific appliances for the young electrician and engineer. Medical Coils for home use. Electrical Motors of every description. Everything that is good for home experiments.

Ask for our fully Illustrated Catalogue.

Don't spend a penny for Christmas presents for your boy until you have seen this Catalogue.

THE ACME ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES CO. (Dept. 100), 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

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Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chillie Paste**, and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/1½, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.

Smedley's Paste.

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75 YEARS' Established Reputation.

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"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet.*

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., *Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

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INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Christmas Eve in Our Village.

Some jottings by Frank Reynolds.

FREE TO THE DEAF

If you suffer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to **Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117 Holborn, London, E.C.,** for Pamphlet fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. The following Unsolicited Testimonials have been sent spontaneously, and should convince even the most sceptical.

Mrs. A. NORMAN,
Lower Spilmans,
Stroud, Glos.,
Writes, Dec. 5th, 1905:—
"I am very pleased to say that, after carefully carrying out the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' my hearing is just as good as ever it was, and the troublesome head noises have gone. I have persuaded my brother-in-law and others to try the treatment."

Mr. J. T. FAWKES
39 Ratcliffe Road,
Sharrow Vale, Sheffield,
Writes, Dec. 4th, 1905:—
"About twelve years ago I began to go deaf through colds in the head, which also caused noises in the ears. After using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' my hearing is very good, and I can now hear the clock tick, whereas before I was quite unable to hear it at all."

Mrs. JOHNSON,
School House, Sompting,
Near Worthing.
Miss Johnson writes, Dec. 2nd, 1905:—
"After a severe cold in the head, my mother (who is nearly eighty) gradually became deaf, until she could only just hear the watch. I saw a reference to the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM,' and after using the remedies, my mother's hearing is completely restored."

Mr. HENRY W. CLARKE,
436 Romford Road,
Forest Gate, E.,
Writes, Dec. 2nd, 1905:—
"Although I am over seventy-four years of age my hearing is now all that could be desired, thanks to the use of the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM.' You are quite at liberty to mention my name, as I had previously tried other remedies without the slightest benefit."

Mr. A. GOODFELLOW,
Band 1st Cheshire Regt.,
Lichfield, Staffs.
Writes, Nov. 29th, 1905:—
"After suffering from severe Deafness and noises in the head from childhood I determined to see what the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' would do in my case. I am now most pleased to say that my hearing is completely restored and the head noises have also entirely passed away."

Mr. JAMES MEPHAM
New Cottages, Hammerwood
Nr. East Grinstead
Writes, Nov. 28th, 1905:—
"Since using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' the troublesome noises have completely passed away, and I can hear as well as ever I did in my life. I am now able to hear my watch ticking at arms' length, whereas formerly it had to be pressed close to the ear."

Mr. L. DYSON, R.E.,
Army Ave Road, Clifton,
Nr. Brighouse, Yorks,
Writes, Nov. 27th, 1905:—
"After suffering from severe Deafness and constant 'hammering' head noises for over four years, the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' has done me a great deal of good. Formerly I was always very deaf if I caught a cold, but now a cold does not affect my hearing in the slightest degree."

Mr. MORGAN THORNLEY,
1 Cherry Tree Terrace,
Cherry Tree, Blackburn, Lancs.,
Writes, Nov. 25th, 1905:—
"I am thankful to say that the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' has, in my own case, proved completely successful, as my hearing is now as good as ever it was, and the troublesome head noises have also entirely passed away. You are at perfect liberty to mention my name in any way."

Miss M. WHARTON,
35 Pansy Street,
Liverpool,
Writes, Nov. 23rd, 1905:—
"The 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' has completely restored my hearing, and I can now join in conversation with anyone. My people are surprised at the wonderful improvement, as formerly I was all but stone deaf and everything had to be written down for me."

Mr. GEORGE HOWARD,
18 Havelock Street,
Bowerham, Lancaster,
Writes, Nov. 23rd, 1905:—
"After carrying out the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' my hearing is completely restored, and the 'humming' noises in the ear have also entirely passed away. Formerly I could not hear the church clock even when standing under it, but now I can hear it striking half a mile away."

Mr. HENRY PHILLIPS,
Rosemary Cottage, Ashey Road,
Ryde, I. of W.,
Writes, Nov. 23rd, 1905:—
"Since using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' my hearing has so greatly improved that I shall not now require any further treatment of any kind, I should have written before but have been waiting to give the treatment a fair trial, and I find it most satisfactory."

Mrs. H. EDWINS,
Mill Lane, Standridge,
Leighton Buzzard,
Writes, Nov. 25nd, 1905:—
"I am very pleased to say that, although I am over seventy-four years of age, my hearing has greatly improved since using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM.' The troublesome head noises have passed away and I require any further treatment

Mr. J. RIDEHALGH.
12 Church Street,
Colne, Lancs.,
Writes, Nov. 21st, 1905:—
"I am indeed truly thankful for all the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' has done for me, after suffering from Deafness and 'buzzing' noises for over eleven years. My hearing is now very good, the head noises have entirely disappeared, and I consider the result really wonderful."

Miss R. E. GRIMSHAW,
3 Gold Hey Street,
Blackburn,
Writes, Nov. 21st, 1905:—
"After suffering from Deafness and almost unbearable head noises for over ten years (the result of measles), I am now pleased to say that I have been completely cured by the use of the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM.' Many thanks for your attention. I am perfectly satisfied."

Miss KATE MASKELL,
Grove Farm,
Little Bentley, Essex,
Writes, Nov. 18th, 1905:—
"I am pleased to tell you that, after suffering from Deafness and 'singing' noises in the head for over seven years, I have derived great benefit from the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM.' I can now hear a clock tick half-way across the room, and my nerves are also much better."

Mr. A. SERACE,
11a Balfour Road,
S. Norwood.
Writes, Nov. 18th, 1905:—
"For over nine years I suffered from Deafness and noises in the head. I used Artificial Ear Drums without the slightest benefit and then determined to try the KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM. I may say that your treatment in the short space of 18 days proved completely successful."

Mr. GEO. MARTINS,
The Stables,
Wood Eastwick, Norwich,
Writes, Nov. 17th, 1905:—
"As the result of a cold, I had suffered from Deafness and constant head noises ever since I left school, but since using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' I am thankful to say that I can now hear perfectly, and the troublesome head noises have also entirely passed away."

Miss LILY MAUNDERS,
Littleton Green,
Shepperton, Middx.,
Writes, Nov. 14th, 1905:—
"Having been deaf from bad colds for over seven years my hearing has been completely restored after using the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' for six weeks. Formerly I could not hear the clock when standing close to it. Now I can hear it ticking in the next room."

Mr. J. W. WILSON,
Ashdale Ter., Fisher St.,
Willenhall, Staffs.
Writes, Nov. 13th, 1905:—
"Sixteen years ago, after an attack of Scarlet Fever, I became totally deaf with constant 'humming' noise in the ear. I am pleased to say, however, that after applying the KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM for five days I found great relief, and can now hear better than ever I did."

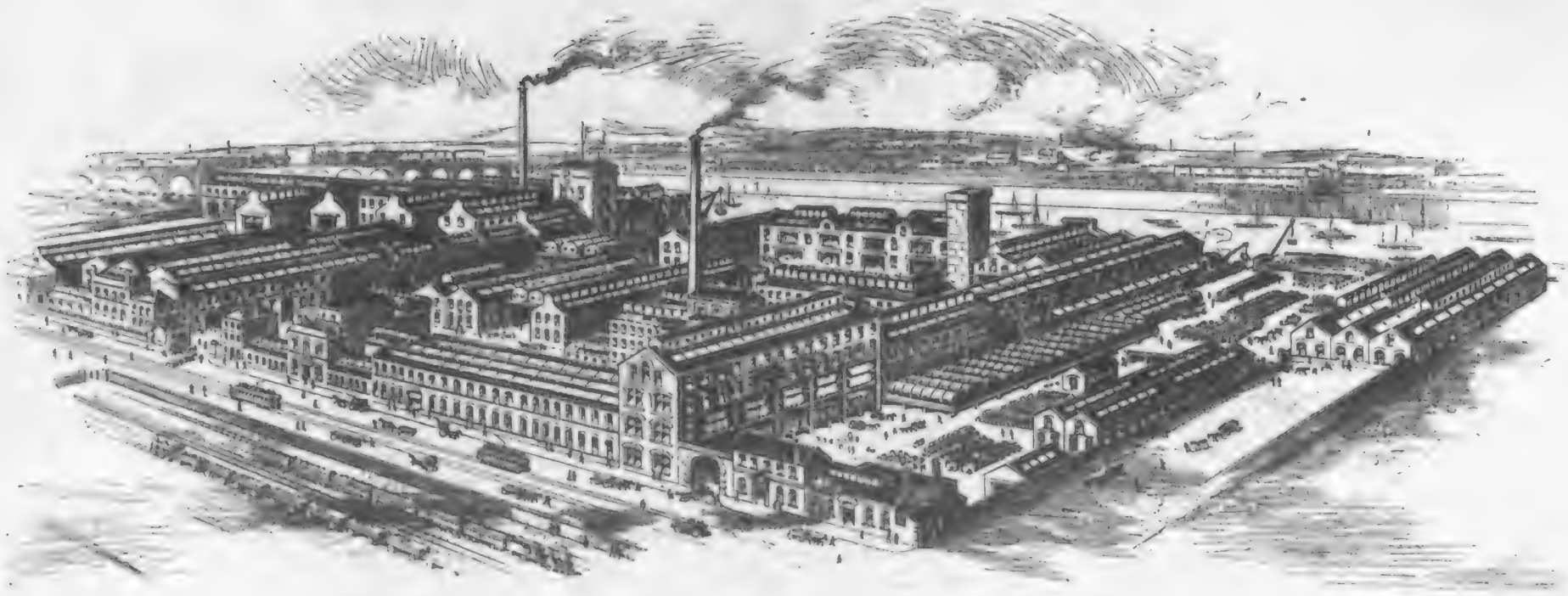
Mr. THOMAS JENNINGS,
Victoria Villa,
Victoria Avenue, Harrogate.
Writes, Nov. 4th, 1905:—
"I am now very pleased to state that although I had for years suffered from Deafness and Head Noises (due to colds) the KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM has successfully restored my hearing. The Head Noises have also entirely gone, and I consider the cure wonderful."

Mr. SIDNEY WELLS,
Broom Hill Cottage,
Lindale in Cartmel, Grange-on-Sands,
Writes, Nov. 3rd, 1905:—
"I am delighted to say that after carrying out the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' for a fortnight, I can now hear as well as ever. My case has been a most successful one, and you are welcome to use my name in any way you like. I shall always recommend your treatment."

Mr. EDWIN WHITE,
17 Williams Road,
Ealing Dean, W.
Writes, Nov. 1st, 1905:—
"For the past two years I had suffered from Deafness and 'humming' noises in the head, but after carrying out the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' I am thankful to say that I can now hear as well as ever I could. I shall always be pleased to recommend your treatment."

Mr. WILLIAM BOSWORTH
46 Park Road,
Bedford,
Writes, Oct. 23rd, 1905:—
"I am pleased to say that, although I had been suffering from Deafness and 'whistling' Head Noises for the past ten years, the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM' has been very successful, as I can now hear as well as ever I could in my life. Use my name at any time."

Mr. ARTHUR FALP,
22 Bath Street,
South Shields, Durham,
Writes, Oct. 13th, 1905:—
"After suffering from Deafness and noises in the head for nearly twelve years, I made up my mind to try the 'KEITH-HARVEY SYSTEM.' I am pleased to say that I can now hear better than I ever did before, and the distressing noises in the head have also completely passed away."



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Our Name & Our Business

For over half a century we, **Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd.**, have been steadily building a reputation as makers of good soap.

To what extent our business has developed is shown by the above picture of our works as they are to-day. They are equipped throughout with the finest modern machinery, and can turn out over 3,000,000 pounds of soap weekly.

Our business has become one of the great commercial successes of this country, because we always had a good article to sell you—because we made that article as well as it could be made—because we always dealt honourably with the public.

Our soap specialities, **Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic,** and **Sparkla,** of all grocers, are the best value for money obtainable. Neither money, skill, nor science has been spared in their production.

Better or more useful soaps are impossible.

Our name on our soaps guarantees their good quality, but beware of imitations.

Watson's Matchless Cleanser

The most famous of them all is **Watson's Matchless Cleanser.**

This wonderful soap is one of the greatest labour-saving devices known, and is unequalled in purity.

It is a "matchless cleanser," as hundreds of thousands of happy housewives can already testify.

Proof of the ability of **Watson's Matchless Cleanser** to do all we claim for it, is found in its enormous popularity.

A pound tablet of **Watson's Matchless Cleanser** will wash more clothes cleaner, quicker, and easier than two pounds of most other soaps

It may be used on the daintiest, flimsiest material without fear of causing the slightest injury.

Watson's Matchless Cleanser solves all washing-day worries and does away with that tiresome washing-day headache

We just want you to get a 3d. full pound tablet and try it, and after the trial we feel sure you will use it regularly.

Then you can reap the other benefits we offer you. See next column.

Nubolic & Sparkla

We wish you to bear in mind two of our other specialities—**Nubolic** and **Sparkla**—both reliable household requisites. **Nubolic,** besides being a high grade household soap, is also a powerful disinfectant. **Nubolic** is a true safeguard against disease. Use **Nubolic** for every household purpose, and for the toilet and bath. Good for eczema and other skin troubles. Keep your pantry, scullery, lavatory and drains fresh and wholesome with **Nubolic**—the soap that cleans and disinfects at the same time. **2½d.** per tablet.

Sparkla is a wonderful scouring soap and metal polish combined. It costs you a penny. **Sparkla** is the finest soap in the world for cleaning wooden floors, and brightening glass and crockery, pots and pans, brass and steel ware. **Sparkla** will polish everything except manners. **Sparkla** does not soil the hands like most metal polishes. It contains neither acid nor grit and never scratches. **Sparkla** is superior to anything else for removing obstinate stains, &c., from the hands

Hadn't you better make a trial of **Sparkla,** too?

Our Good News

By saving the wrappers you are entitled to share in the good things we offer. For many years we have given hundreds of thousands of prizes annually, and already have distributed more than a million gifts.

The constantly increasing success of our business has enabled us to make a larger distribution each year.

Last year we sent out 214,072 presents, valued at £60,279.

This time we are doing better than ever. Soon after June 30, 1906, we shall dispatch over 220,000 useful gifts valued at least at £62,500.

And there is a prize waiting for you!

Remember there is nothing to lose, anyway. Apart from any other consideration, **Watson's Soaps** provide honest return for your money—better value is unobtainable. It is only the world-wide appreciation and consequent colossal sale of our products which have made this great scheme possible.

We hold thousands upon thousands of letters from grateful recipients of our gifts all over the Kingdom.

So vast are our purchases that the prizes are, to you, better value than the actual cash.

Some of our Gifts

Here are some of the gifts for those who save their wrappers—even twenty secure a prize.

Over 220,000 Gifts.—Value £62,500.

		£	s.	d.
5	Cash Prizes, value £50, £45, £40, £35, £30	200	0	0
2	Cash Prizes, value £25 each	50	0	0
2	Cash Prizes, value £20 each	40	0	0
40	Famous Raleigh Ladies' and Gent's Bicycles, value £16 16s.	672	0	0
100	Cases of Cutlery, value £10	1000	0	0
500	Sewing Machines, value £8	4000	0	0
500	Hand-Sewing Machines, value £6	3000	0	0
500	Hand-Sewing Machines, value £4 10s	2250	0	0
500	Cases Electro Fish Knives and Forks, value £3	1500	0	0
500	Ladies' Dressing Cases, value £2 2s.	1050	0	0
500	Cases Fish Knives and Forks, value 30s	750	0	0
500	Cases Carvers, value 30s.	750	0	0
500	Cases Electro Tea Services, value 30s	750	0	0
500	Electro Biscuit Boxes (very special), value 21s	525	0	0
500	Electro Coffee Pots, value 17s. 6d	437	10	0
500	Cases Tea Spoons and Tongs, value 16s. 6d	412	10	0
500	Pairs Blankets, value 15s. 6d.	387	10	0
2000	Gent's Umbrellas, value 15s	1500	0	0
2000	Ladies' Umbrellas, value 15s	1500	0	0
2000	Electro Teapots, value 12s. 6d.	1250	0	0
2000	Pairs Blankets, value 12s. 6d.	1250	0	0
2000	Pairs Sheets, value 12s. 6d	1250	0	0
2000	½-dozen Table Forks, value 11s	1100	0	0
2000	White Counterpanes, value 10s. 6d	1050	0	0
2000	½-dozen Table Knives, value 9s.	900	0	0

And at least 200,000 other prizes.

Save your Wrappers

The gifts will be awarded in rotation, the highest prize being given for the highest number of wrappers sent in of any or all of the three soaps named, to Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds, not later than June 30, 1906.

Each wrapper must be complete. Each parcel of wrappers received will count as one lot. Separate entries must be sent under separate covers. Where two or more parcels are received from the same household, the Company reserves the right of treating them as one parcel. Give the full name and address of the sender of each parcel, and pay full postage or carriage.

State the number of wrappers dispatched. Not less than twenty wrappers accepted. Our employees are not allowed to compete. In case of dispute, the decision of Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd. to be final.

Start Watson's Matchless Cleanser, Nubolic, and Sparkla on their labour-saving, home-brightening work to-day!

JOSEPH WATSON & SONS, LTD.,
Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.

Save your Wrappers and get all the Benefits!

OUR THRILLING SERIAL STORY.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

BY SIDNEY DREW.

THE "DESTROYER" SAILS.

The police and the doctor, hastily summoned, boarded the train together. Mella was taken into the waiting-room. Half distracted, Vanessa waited to hear the doctor's decision. After a time that seemed an eternity, he called her softly. He was quite a young fellow, and he looked at her admiringly and curiously.

"Well," she said, "tell me your news."

"Madame is not seriously hurt," he answered; "but it is a nasty wound. I must have professional help to extract the bullet. I suggest that we convey her to the hospital."

Vanessa stamped her foot impatiently.

"Take Lady Leckburn to the hospital," she cried; "what folly! Have you a house here?"

"No, madame. I am merely acting as Doctor Thornaby's assistant."

"And if the bullet is not extracted at once, what will happen?"

"Nothing serious," answered the young doctor. "It might be left for days without danger."

The Queen brushed passed him; Mella lay in the dingy waiting-room, white and still. The wound had been bandaged, and all the bleeding had stopped. Vanessa knelt and pressed Lady Leckburn's hand to her cheek.

"Would there be any risk if we went on by train?" she asked quickly.

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"None, I should say, madame. The wound is neither painful nor dangerous. But there are the police to consider. They may object."

Vanessa started. The thing had happened with such suddenness that, as yet, she was unable to realise it fully. Her one thought was to get on to secure the treasure of Histor and place it at the feet of her lord.

"The police object!" she cried. Who are the police? What right have they to dare to interfere with Vanessa?"

The doctor was feeling Mella's pulse and counting its feeble throbbings

"That is the law," he said, in tones of surprise. "The police will detain you until they have learned all they can. If your business is very pressing, they will, no doubt, do their best to let you go on quickly. My advice is, take her ladyship to the hospital She can have a private ward and every comfort and attention. Ah! she is coming round."

The dark eyes were open. The Queen knelt again.

"Are you better, darling!

"Yes, dear. I want to whisper to you. I saw her"

"Her?" hissed Vanessa, waving the doctor away imperiously. "What do you mean? Saw her!"

"Yes—the woman in black. I knew her, even in the gloom. But do not breathe her name, for Garth would be furious. Bend lower. dear. It was Aurore du Barry."

A look of wild rage and burning hate sprang into the Queen's eyes.

"I am glad," said Mella weakly—"glad, and yet sorry. You must leave me behind, Vanessa, and press on. I am sorry to lose you even for a moment, but I am glad for little Garth's sake. He is too young to see such things yet. Besides, I can arrange with the police. I understand these matters. Press on, dear, and do not turn back."

"I hate to leave you, Mella," said the Queen sadly.

"But you must. Think of what is at stake."

The whole station was in a fluster of excitement now that the news had spread. More police came, and Terry Muldoon was questioned and badgered until he lost his temper. Vanessa chafed at the delay. Little Garth, frightened still, sat by his mother's side, looking about him with wondering eyes. A brougham was obtained, and they lifted Mella into it.

"Press on, Vanessa," she whispered, "and let nothing stay you. And make light of this to Ned."

The Queen gave her promise, and kissed her farewell. Then the train steamed away, and the brougham rattled towards the hospital, leaving the police to rack their brains over the mystery and the loafers to chatter about it.

"It'll be in the newspapers," grunted Muldoon savagely, lighting his pipe; "a nice thing these fellows comin' and axin' where was yer born! What size d'yez take in hats? Have yez got a mother-in-law?"

The men grinned sympathetically, for Terry, as the man in command, had suffered most at the hands of the police and the reporters. The more they discussed the mystery the darker and more mysterious it became. Most of them were inclined to think it was the result of an accident, the shot being discharged by some careless person who was playing with a revolver

"Very loikely," said Terry, "for who on earth cud wish to harrm her swate ladyship? Only, accident or not, don't I wish I had the spalpeen widin reach o' me fist. I'd play ping-pong wid him for hours.

The train raced on across the flat Lincolnshire fields, the moonlight flashing upon the waters of the dykes. It drew up at last at a tiny station. Four vehicles were waiting outside—a brougham and three wagonettes. Terry gallantly saw Vanessa and Suzette into the brougham and took his seat beside the driver.

The sun gleamed before them through a rift in the bleak sandhills. Then a dark house, almost buried in trees, loomed up. They swept between the pillars of a massive gate. The gate closed behind them

In an hour.—Muldoon," said Vanessa.

"In an hour, it is," said Terry saluting.

As the clock of a distant church was striking, a black, cone-shaped monster lifted itself slowly over the tree-tops, and swept away seawards, rising higher and higher, until it disappeared behind the clouds that were slowly covering the sky

Terry stood at the wheel, smoking his pipe and listening to the drone of screws and propellers. The chart was spread out before him, the course marked by a line in red ink, drawn through Berlin, and ending at Cabul. He slipped his pipe away as Vanessa, in a cloak of sable, softely entered She bent over the chart.

"You must show me how to steer," she said. "Perhaps I might have to leave you behind."

"The saints forbid, madame," said Terry fervently. "I shall doie if I don't see Micky soon."

She nodded. Her head was bare, and Terry wondered how much the diamond tiara she wore was worth as he saw it flashing and sparkling.

"Are all our men to be trusted?" she asked.

"Wid our lives," said Terry stoutly.

"And nothing could make them traitors — the sight of enormous wealth, for instance?"

"Not all the goold and jooils iver dug out o' the earth," answered Terry. "They're thruer nor steel."

"Ah!" said Vanessa dreamily; "that is good to hear. We are going to spoil the temple of Histor and take away his treasures. They are mine, for I am Queen, and yet the priests would turn upon me if they know what I intended. We must have wealth, even though we have to wrest it from the priests at the point of the bayonet."

"We'll be as gentle as possible, said Terry. "It's wonderful how gentle a man can be wid a bayonet madame. I've knowed a chap change his moind intoirely and do jest as yez towld him afther one single prod. I think the prastes'll be glad enough to let us have the money."

He winked slyly at pretty Suzette, who stood behind her mistress

"Mark me. I want no bloodshed said Vanessa. "It may be that we may secure the treasure unknown to the priests. I worship no wooden image like the great Histor, and the treasure is mine. Some day when I return with my lord to the hill country, I will burn him and his temple together, and whip his priests out of my land. Can we go no faster?"

"As fast again," said Terry. "Howld by that sthrap, madame."

He dragged the lever down and the vessel leapt on at redoubled speed with a jerk that sent Suzette staggering across the deck-house. Terry's arms steadied her.

"It is beautiful," murmured the Queen—"beautiful and wonderful."

Below them, milk-white in the moonlight, lay a sea of clouds, the shadow of the aeronef sailing over it like a spectral ship. Overhead the sky was an arch of dull grey. A dim blue light glowed at the summit of each upright where the suspensory screws were whirling in their sockets. And from every stay and steel cord hung icicles, gleaming and glistening, while the deck itself, thick with rime, scintillated and sparkled as it carpeted with diamonds

They were tearing onward f[illegible] the whole vessel vibrating with the

Photo, Boissmias & Taponier.

HANGING UP THE MISTLETOE.

Photo, Bunnett.

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Photo, Topical.

"THE FROZEN FARM YARD": Curious snow animals made by children in Germany

speed of the engines. Vanessa stood fascinated. And then she turned with a proud, triumphant laugh.

"So my lord built and planned this wonderous boat," she said, half to herself. "It was a gallant victory to make the air his highway. But even this is not his greatest triumph. His victory of victories came long ago, when he stood before Vanessa as a conqueror, and told her to go in peace. He conquered my heart that day." She looked out again over the white, vapoury sea. Her mood changed, and she shivered.

"I am cold," she said. "Let us go, Suzette."

But for a moment she did not stir, and shivered again. Muldoon caught a glimpse of her dark, beautiful face. A look of apprehension, almost of dread, was in her eyes. It startled him.

"Are you unwell, madame?" he asked.

"No, Muldoon, but I feel strange and dispirited. Something tells me that I am going to my hill country for the last time. I shall never see it again."

"How can zat be, madame?" asked pretty Suzette, in her broken English.

"I shall be dead," answered the Queen.

Then she laughed and tripped below, leaving Muldoon nervous and dispirited.

"Bedad," he thought, "that's a damper, and I don't loike it. Wasn't it me own Uncle Pathrick who came in wan mornin' and sed he knowed he was goin' to doie? Av I remember roight, he only lived eight years afther that. But the way she looked at me wid her purty eyes! It is a warnin'."

He shook his great head doubtfully and reloaded his pipe. And there he stood as hour after hour dragged away like some tireless giant, bending sometimes to glance at the compass, sometimes to prick the chart and sometimes raising his eyes to look up at the little round dial above his head, whose fingers pointed out the towns over which the vessel was passing.

The speed-indicator registered one hundred and twenty-six miles an hour, and, though an electric stove was burning in the wheel-house, and no draught leaked between the panes, Terry was glad to wrap a shawl round his shoulders, and to pull a woollen cap over his ears. The cold was bitter, the frost intense. Berlin was far behind in the west when Muldoon telephoned for a man to take his place.

Even then he did not abandon his post, but threw himself upon the floor and fell fast asleep.

THE WATCHER OF THE ARMY.

Sarad knelt beside the little field telegraph whose wires were attached to the main wire stretched between the poles overhead. A few men, their rifles stacked, were lying about smoking, and Graydon Garth, wearing a red flannel shirt, paced slowly up and down.

"No answer yet?" he drawled.

"Not yet, my lord," said Sarad.

The millionaire resumed his uneasy pacings. Suddenly the instrument began to click and his eyes brightened.

"For Mafeking, my lord," said Sarad hastily. "Some private wire."

"Then send it on. We must not delay private messages."

Kit King sprawled and smoked in the sunshine, and for want of something better to do Peter Gay carved his initials on a boulder with his knife. The rest lay about listlessly, waving away the flies, and wondering how long it would be before their chief gave them something to do.

Again the instrument clicked. Garth turned swiftly.

"Well, Sarad?"

The Nubian scrawled down the message silently. Garth snatched it from his hand. It was short:

"We know nothing of the matter. We have received no authority and no credit cabled you from London."

Garth bit his lips. Vanessa had failed in her mission. They had refused him money, for the telegram was from the Mammoth Bank of Africa. Doubtless, then, they had laughed at his other warnings, and would allow France to land her troops in Egypt. His handsome face suddenly darkened.

Once more the machine ticked merrily. Kit King slouched forward and grinned.

"By thunder!" he said; "he's talking plain, ain't he? What's that he's saying—'You silly dunderhead, do you think I'm stuck here to wait all day for an idiot like you.' He seems to have got your number, old man."

It was the operator at Bardolp, who was waiting impatiently to get a message through. Sarad signalled "Patience," and looked inquiringly at his chief. The enraged operator grew rapidly worse tempered, and began to use threats. Kit enjoyed his remarks hugely as the needle ticked them off.

"Take the thing down," said Graydon Garth quietly; "we do not need it any more."

Leckburn rode up with a fat deer swinging behind him. It was a welcome change, for they were tiring of the tough, tasteless bully beef. Pete swiftly hung up the deer, and, baring his arms, got his knife to work, to the delight of Demon, who had a liking for venison. Micky, the gunner, built a fire, and, swinging his rifles over his shoulder, Graydon Garth strode away.

He walked with lithe, noiseless steps. His face was clouded, and the cigarette between his lips remained unlighted. So Vanessa had failed. It was his own fault utterly. He had despised Kanarphes, the Egyptian, and all this was the outcome of his blundering.

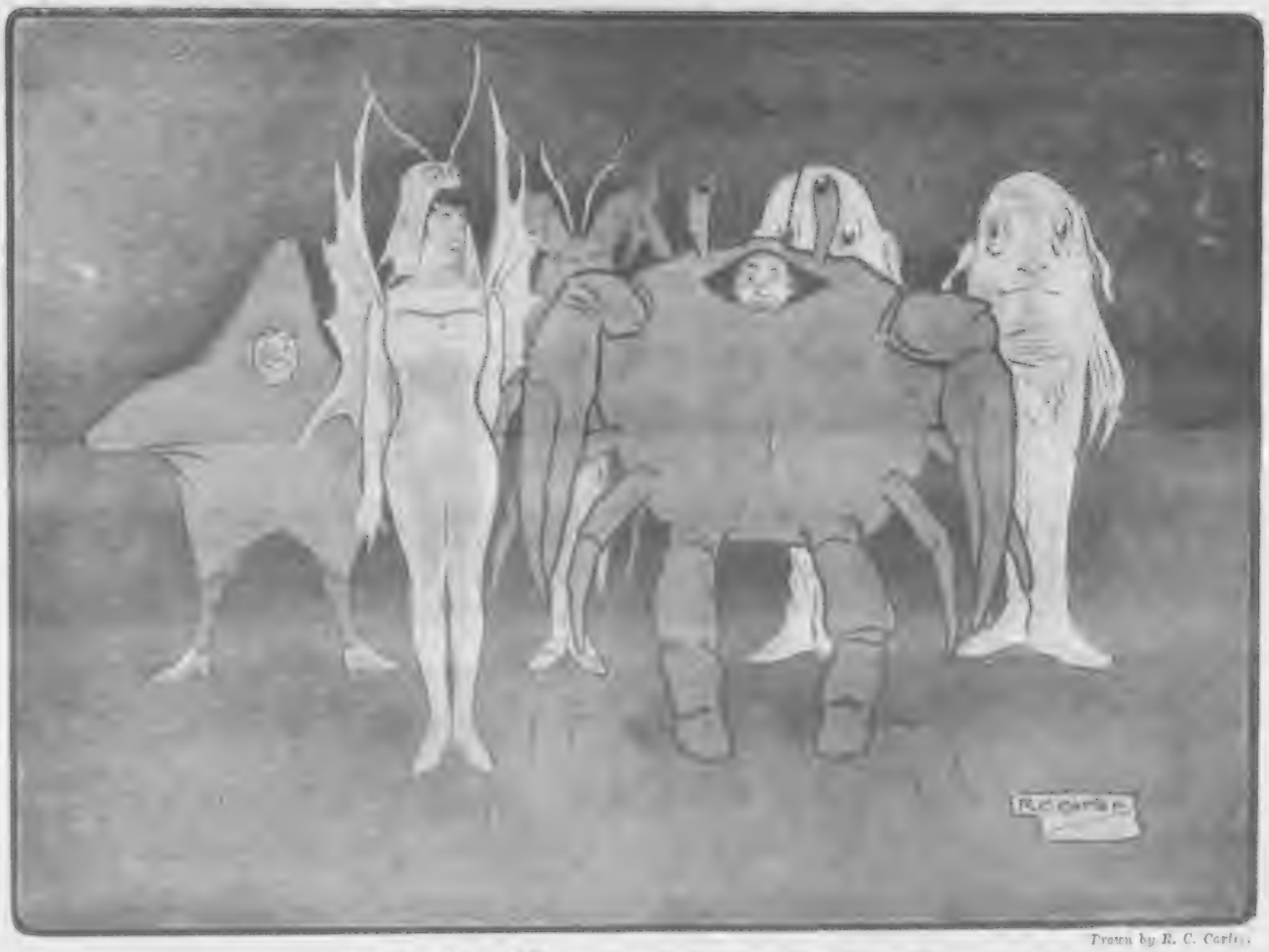
He could imagine exactly what had happened. While Kanarphes held him captive on his own vessel, the whole diplomacy of Europe had altered with the rapidity of thought before the menace of these African hordes. During that brief captivity Britain had pledged herself to France, to Germany, perhaps even to Russia, in an alliance against the mysterious army.

They had gone too far to retreat on the advice of Graydon Garth. As he strode on in the hot glare he pondered deeply. The mysterious army was at his very heels.

It would be long weeks before any real reinforcements arrived, and before then the death-tide would have poured into the Transvaal. Five hundred thousand men might check the advance for a time. What would check them and hamper them the most?

Graydon Garth sat down on a boulder and yawned. He must remodel his plans. If he had money enough he could build the guns he wanted for the *Destroyer* in Cape Town. But he had not the money. That meant further delay. He would have to go to his own workshops on the lonely island of Larissa, far away in the blue Pacific, to manufacture the weapons he needed. Precious, priceless time was being wasted.

(To be continued.)



Drawn by R. C. Carlo.

IN THE FIFH BALLET: "Here, mind those spikes, George!"

Photo, Clements

A CHRISTMAS DINNER UNDER DIFFICULTIES: Italian soldiers on the Alpine frontier.

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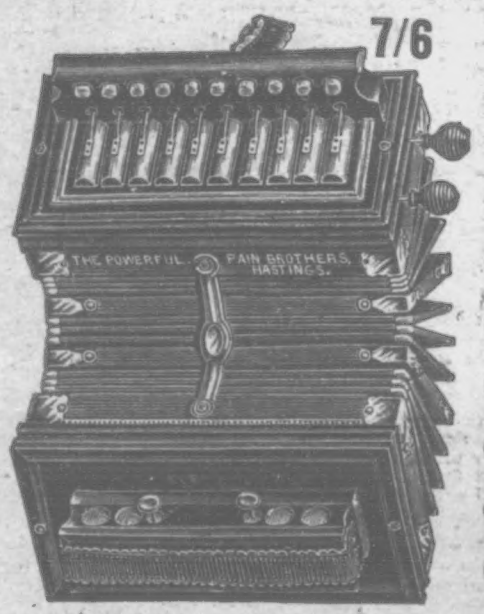

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"The Editor" to his friends

Although, perhaps, a due allowance must be made for exaggeration in the pronouncements of a professional humorist, the anti-tobacconists will not be pleased to read the observations of Mark Twain on the subject of smoking—delivered upon his seventieth birth day.

Mr. Mark Twain says: "My only restriction as regards tobacco is never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I smoked discreetly during my father's lifetime. He died fifty-eight years ago; ever since then I have smoked publicly. I never smoke when asleep, and never refrain when awake."

The question as to what constitutes excessive smoking depends probably very much upon the individual constitution. Many public men who have led what we now call "the strenuous life," and have lived to a ripe old age in spite of it, have been what many people would consider abnormal consumers of tobacco nearly all their lives.

Edison, the great American inventor, is reported to have smoked daily, for a great number of years, no fewer than ten cigars as a normal allowance—and double that quantity when he has any particularly hard work on hand. This is an allowance which would make the average town-dweller absolutely dizzy, and Mr. Edison's record is the more to be wondered at when it is remembered that he takes no exercise whatever, although his diet is very carefully regulated.

A man tried to put a novel "antiseptic" cigar upon the market in Paris the other day, for which it was claimed that it was composed of aromatic products, contained no tobacco, and produced abundant smoke without being lighted, thus permitting persons unable to use tobacco to enjoy the illusion of smoking without the evil effects. An expert declared, however, that the cigar was injurious, as it introduced into the mouth an excess of hydrochloric acid, or ammonia, and nothing has since been heard of the invention.

The "Freak Dinner," one of the many typically American species of entertainments which have been imported into this country, seems to have come to stay. Hotel managers seem to welcome them, in spite of the bother which they must entail, and say, in fact, that they are good for trade and give a vast amount of employment to many men.

The supper at the Gaiety Restaurant a day or two ago to celebrate the conclusion of the run of the "Prodigal Son" at Drury Lane was typical of many similar banquets. An apartment was arranged as a lagoon island, the water surrounding reflecting the light of many electric lamps, whilst in the midst of the pretty scene came a large model in ice of the famous theatre.

Such an entertainment must be almost as disturbing to the digestive apparatus of the guests as the incessant music at restaurants, of which so many people complain. A far better idea was that of the organisers of the Bartholomew Club last year, when, in place of the usual weary round of speech-making, each speaker rose to his toast and referred his hearers to a page in the booklet of speeches which had been prepared. This is indeed an innovation which cannot be too widely copied.

The torpedo-boat dinner given recently to celebrate the coming of age of Mr. Harold Yarrow, and the banquet in a gondola held at the Savoy Hotel somewhat earlier in the year were both pretty fancies, and as such to be commended; but one hopes that the day is far distant when our own "smart set" emulate the "animal dinners" which have had such a vogue on the other side of the water. The idea of sitting down to dinner with monkeys and other wild animals hardly commends itself to the average Englishman.

I am very grateful to those readers who have written post-cards to me in response to my appeal, but I am not yet satisfied. There are thousands of regular readers of the *P.I.P.* who have not yet let me know what they think of the recent improvements, and which particular features they like the best. This is unkind to me, and not quite fair to themselves. I do my best week by week to turn out as bright a paper as I possibly can, and I think I am entitled to a post-card from you at least once a year to say I am succeeding in pleasing you. Criticise as much as you like. But do write!

I had a post-card from a reader this week who says he does not like the paper so well now as he used to do, because we publish too many football pictures. Now that is interesting, because I did not know before that any of my readers objected to good snap-shots of big football events. But I daresay there are others. If so, will they please write? Also those who are pleased with the football photos. Whenever I find that a large section of my readers are particularly interested in any one feature, I immediately do my best to make that feature even more interesting than before. That is why it is only fair to yourselves, as well as to me, to jot down on a post-card the names of the features you like best, and send it to me *at once*.

There are one or two opinions which I have picked out as examples. Miss Magrath, of 19 Charlotte Street, Bath, kindly sends me a pretty picture post-card, on which she says, "I like the snapshots of the Royal Family best." Another reader, "B.," says: "I have taken the *P.I.P.* for some years, because it is clean and wholesome. The section 'The Editor to His Friends' is an interesting addition. Enlarge it. Talk to us in it about men and books—anything and everything. Talk to us." Mr. Harvey, a thirty years' reader, of Church Street, St. Lenton, Nottingham, wants us to run a weekly column in connection with the building trade, as he says that the paper is much read by the trade. This, I fear, would be impossible, as it would occupy more space than I could afford to devote to any special trade.

But those are the sort of letters I want. They put me in touch with my readers at once. The more I know of your likes and dislikes the better I am likely to please you. So don't forget to write before the New Year.

VALENTIA STEER.

A BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Smith's Weekly Challenges Comparison.

This is a number which no reader, old or young, can afford to miss. It is full of just that kind of reading most appreciated at Christmastide. This you will see from some of the contents mentioned below. Among these are:

Three Complete Short Stories.

Letters from a Self-made Merchant to His Son. A series of exceptional interest to all.

The Fascination of London. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Famous Love Stories. A series dealing with some of the most interesting love romances of old.

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In the Grip of Crime. A new serial just beginning by that popular author HENRY FARNER.

Who Started Mince Pies and Christmas Boxes?

How Sailors Spend Christmas.

Towns Where Christmas Dinners are Free.

How we Get our Christmas Turkeys.

"My Life," as told by a Christmas Cracker.

And a host of Christmas Stories and Tricks for old as well as young.

SMITH'S WEEKLY BIG CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Now On Sale. Price 2d.

£10 IN PRIZES.

AN EASY POST-CARD CONTEST

THIS week we are offering prizes of £1 each to the ten readers from whom we receive what we consider to be the best mottoes for advertising picture post-cards. For instance, Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons Ltd., at present, use the motto: "*Par Excellence*, the most welcome, artistic, and up-to-date."

All attempts in the competition must be written on Raphael Tuck and Sons' picture post-cards only. Attempts sent on other cards will be disqualified. Address your post-cards to the Competition Editor, THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., marking your cards in the top left-hand corner, "Tuck."

The sentence should be written on the address side in the space reserved for correspondence, so that the beautiful pictures on Tuck's post-cards may give pleasure to children and patients in hospitals generally, to whom the competing cards will be sent at the close of the competition.

Closing date: Wednesday, December 20.

RESULT OF THE "MOTTO" COMPETITION.

BOXES of Tom Smith's Christmas Crackers have been sent to the following competitors:

Miss L. Staniland, 25 High Street, Saltley, Birmingham; Miss M. Leatherland, 147 Loyd Road, Northampton; Miss M. Hopson, 4 Newby Terrace, Bangor; Miss M. Shaw, 9 Arno Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham; Miss F. Card, Froyle Cottage, Alton, Hants; Miss M. Morris, Oaklands, Wembley; Miss S. Bowyer, "Bricklayers Arms," Bracknell, Berks; Miss R. Lester, 54 Northbrook Street, Newbury, Berks; Miss M. Walker, 48 Crosby Street, Derby; Master J. Wells, 66 Hummer Road, Egham; Miss E. Ashton, Croft House, Stocksbridge, near Sheffield; Master L. Grace, 383 Caledonian Road, Barnsbury, N.; Miss Violet Barton, Bush Inn, Peckham Bush, near Tonbridge; Master J. Hopkins, 57 Caps Lane, Cholsey, near Wallingford; Master L. Hughes, Norrington, Upper Harbledown, near Canterbury; Master H. Marsden, 6 Mollart Street, Hanley, Staffs; Master H. Batts, 2 Belmont Road, Hay, near Hereford; Master D. House, 6 Piette Road, Guernsey; Master A. Noice, 107 Studley Grange Road, Hanwell; Master A. Sims, 185 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.; Master F. Leatherhead, 147 Lloyd Road, Northampton; Master V. Wilson, 13 Cawdry Buildings, Leek, Staffs; Master F. Hadler, Teston, near Maidstone; Master J. McCallum, 27 Duke Street, Arbroath; Master G. Hadley, Birmingham Street, Halesowen.

TO PROVE ITS MERIT.

1/3 Jar of OATINE

Sent on approval to any Lady.

The Oatine Girl.

OATINE is the new face cream, which is making so many complexions clear and beautiful. It will bring natural beauty to the plainest face.

It clears the skin.

Not soap and water cleanliness that only removes surface dirt, leaving the pores, the drainage of the body, clogged with grime and irritating waste matter.

Oatine removes this waste. Rub it gently on the face and wipe off with a soft towel.

It is made from fresh pure oats. It does not contain animal fat, which may go rancid, nor injurious mineral salts. It cannot grow hair. Try Oatine and watch your complexion clear. It is also invaluable to men for use after shaving. Oatine is stocked by all first-class stores and chemists, including all of Boots' branches.

We will send for 3d. a full-sized jar (same size 1/3 at all chemists) for you to try. If you find it is all we claim and really benefits your skin, then send us the balance of 1/-, but not till then. With this we will also send our book on face massage. Write—

THE OATINE COMPANY,
113 Denman St., London Bridge.

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2/6 GIFT BOOKS.
BOUND IN GREEN ART LINEN,
With Coloured Frontispiece and other Illustrations.

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"As full of exciting elements as it is possible to put into a story of adventure. The book is certainly one that may be recommended."—*Daily Telegraph.*

LITTLE MISS ROBINSON CRUSOE. By Mrs. GEORGE CORBETT.

"The reader is carried from page to page with breathless interest."—*Christian World.*

"Cannot fail to delight youthful readers."—*Weekly Sun.*

PRINCE UNO: Uncle Frank's Visit to Fairyland. Illustrated by W. D. STEVENS.

"A delightful story."—*Catholic Times*

BLUEBELL and the SLEEPY KING. A Fairy Tale. By AUBREY HOPWOOD and SEYMOUR HICKS.

"Altogether it is a charming fairy tale."—*Glasgow Herald.*

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCESS DAINTIPET. By Mrs. GEORGE CORBETT, author of "Little Miss Robinson Crusoe," &c.

"Mrs. George Corbett has supplied the nursery with a very suitable volume, full of exciting incidents . . . very prettily illustrated."—*Glasgow Herald.*

JOHN OF STRATHBOURNE. A Romance of the Days of Francis I. By R. D. CHETWODE.

"We can only say that had it appeared anonymously it might have passed for the handiwork of Mr. Stanley Weyman, and it would be difficult to give higher praise."—*Times.*

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The only palliative in **Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Toothache.**

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THE ROMANCE OF MINING.

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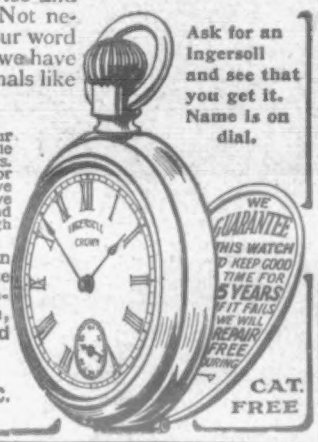

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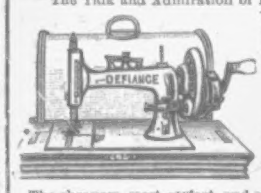

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To make Non-Alcoholic Wine at Home.

One 6d. Bottle Mason's Wine Essence.
1½lb. Sugar.
1 Gallon Hot Water.
Stir until dissolved; when sufficiently cool, bottle.

The above makes a delicious drink for the Children at Xmas Parties. Mason's Essences may be had in all fruit flavours, Ginger, Orange, Raspberry, etc.

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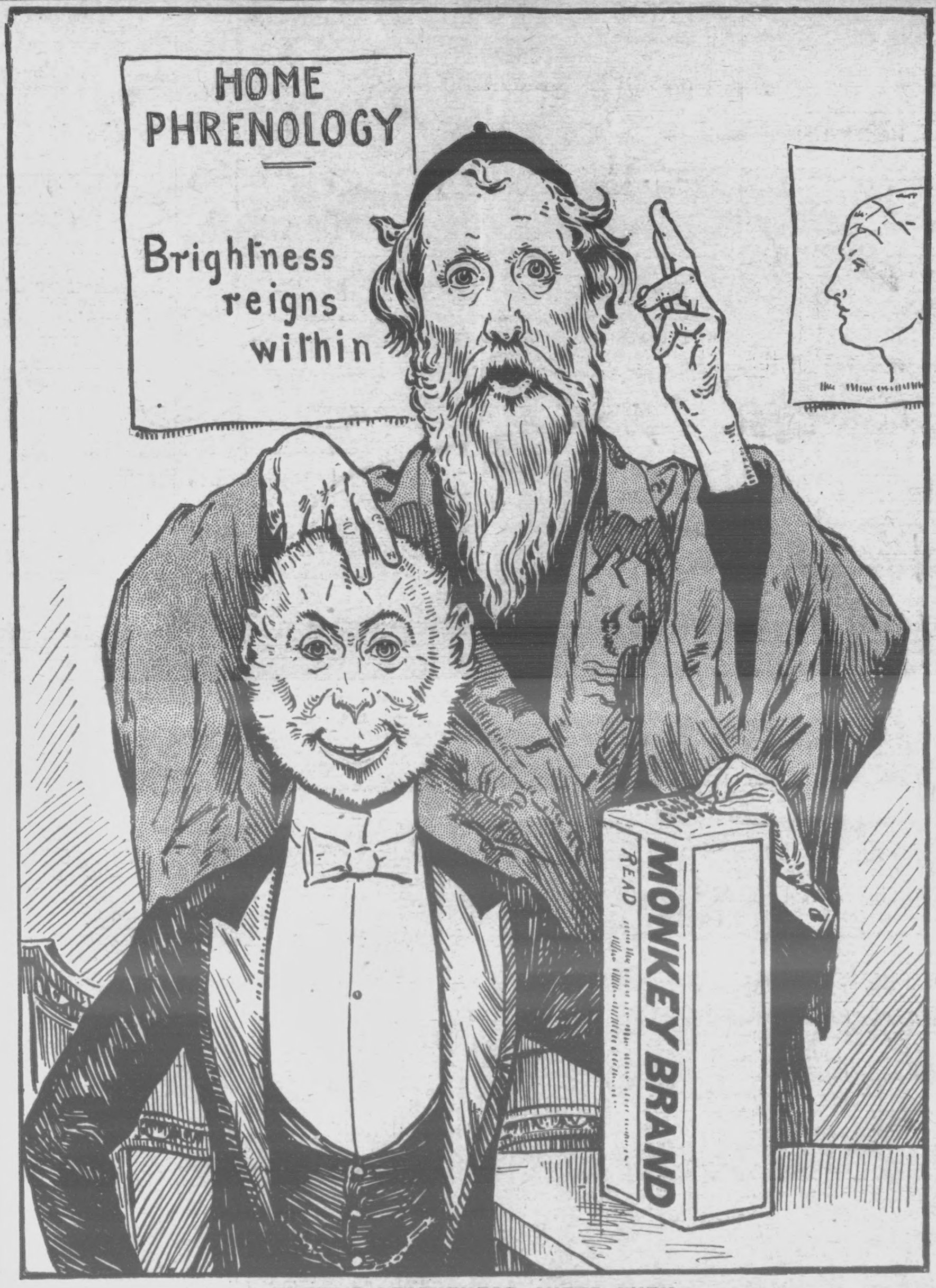

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